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One Halfpenny.

MOSCOW TRAGEDY: POLICE PORTRAIT OF THE ASSASSIN.



This photograph is being circulated for identification by the Russian police in Moscow and St. Petersburg as that of the man who killed the Grand Duke Sergius. The assumption is that the photograph was taken immediately after the assassin's arrest, and as he has refused to give any information concerning himself strenuous efforts are being made by the police to have him identified.

BIRTHS

EDUCATIONAL Books.—Send for list free.—Davis, 8, John-st, Blackfriars-rd, London.

RUSSIA'S WOES.

Fears of Revolution in the Manchurian Army.

IS PEACE NEAR?

Experts Think the War's Close Cannot Be Long Delayed.

The state of terror in Russia continues. The Tsar remains practically a prisoner at Tsarskoe Selo, afraid even to go to the funeral of his dead uncle.

Meanwhile with each succeeding day the reign of anarchy grows more pronounced, and it is now stated that revolutionary ideas are affecting many regiments of the army.

No wonder foreign observers believe that, with this wretched state of affairs at home, peace in the Far East cannot be long delayed.

A Reuter's telegram dated last night from St. Petersburg says peace is not only discussed but the conditions on which Russia would be prepared to make peace are practically settled.

ASSASSIN'S COOLNESS.

Sarcastic to His Gaolers and Severe on the Grand Dukes.

MOSCOW, Tuesday.—The assassin of the Grand Duke Sergius maintains an attitude of profound indifference. He occasionally indulges in sarcastic remarks to his gaolers, addressing them as "unfortunate fellows," and expressing pity for the "poor efforts" of the authorities.

On being pressed to speak the assassin replied that questions only made him smile. All their efforts would have no result, and before his victim was laid under the earth other victims would be found. As for his motives he only acted in the interests of an oppressed people, and regarded his deed as an act of duty.

The Grand Dukes had for years violated every law of ordinary decency. They had ruined the country, and while exploiting the weak will of the Tsar for their own ends, had made him a tyrant so that his people now execrated him.

The assassin said he was aware that the Tsar was merely the dupe of the Grand Ducal clique, and his party had therefore decided to deliver the Tsar from the evil influences surrounding him, being convinced that that was the only way to save the Tsar and the people from further disaster.

"We will rescue the Tsar," added the assassin, "and we hope that some day he will join our movement, and be the head of a national Government on Western lines. Neither police nor spies will be able to protect those who are doomed to death by the will of God."

The identity of the assassin is still unknown. It is stated that he is a man of education.—Reuter's Special.

WHISPERS OF PEACE.

Some Experts Expect the End of the Far Eastern Struggle.

The chief feature of yesterday's news concerning the war between Russia and Japan was the growing belief that peace is at hand. This was sufficient to raise the price of stocks on the Continental bourses yesterday.

Some experts, indeed, say that within sixty days negotiations will be set on foot to terminate hostilities.

Attention is drawn to the fact that with quarrels between the generals, and with her internal troubles, Russia has little hope of successfully maintaining the struggle.

Meanwhile, General Kuropatkin, in a dispatch received yesterday in St. Petersburg, claims one or two minor successes.

REVOLUTION IN THE ARMY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—"It is openly admitted," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Aurore," "that revolutionary propaganda in the Manchurian army is making considerable progress."

"Revolutionary proclamations are being distributed in profusion, and the Socialists declare that not only many officers, but also a large number of privates, have been won over to the revolution,"—Reuter.

MASSACRES ON ALL SIDES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—From private information received here, it would appear that a state of anarchy exists in the Caucasus. Massacres are taking place on all sides. Oil mills are ablaze, trains have been destroyed, and navigation on the rivers has been stopped. The peaceful population is living in a state of terror, while the executive authorities remain idle.—Exchange.

WHO IS GOING TO RESIGN?

Even Ministerialist Organs Suggest That Retirements Should Be the Result of the Irish Crisis.

THE "SMOOTHING OVER" POLICY.

The political air is full of rumours of resignations—resignations in the Cabinet and in the high administrative offices.

At the House of Commons and at the political clubs the one dominant question yesterday was, "Who is going to resign?"

Among the Unionists the feeling is summed up in the sentence of a prominent Ministerialist: "I'm afraid they will all have to go—Lord Dudley, Mr. Wyndham, and Sir Antony Macdonnell."

And it is all about Ireland. All because Sir Antony Macdonnell, the Permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland, gave a little assistance last autumn to Lord Dunraven and other patriotic Irishmen to draw up a scheme for a "sort of Home Rule."

When the row began Mr. Wyndham said that Sir Antony's conduct was "indefensible." Then it appeared he had had the consent of Lord Dudley. So came Mr. Winston Churchill's damaging question, "Was Lord Dudley censured?" Mr. Wyndham hesitated, and now the one question in political circles is, "Who will resign?"

The newspapers of every shade of political thought are almost unanimous in saying that somebody must resign. It will be seen from the following extracts that several of the most important Unionist organs demand resignations:—

That Lord Dudley will tender his resignation without delay we can hardly doubt. As was pointed out with unanswerable force in the debate yesterday, the censure which the Cabinet have passed upon the Under-Secretary necessarily applies to the Viceroy, who knew and approved of the Under-Secretary's action.—"The Times."

If Sir Antony Macdonnell resigns, as it is almost certain that he must do, we hardly see how either Lord Dudley or Mr. Wyndham can retain their posts.—"Globe."

IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION.

What the upshot may be we do not know. It is hardly conceivable that Lord Dudley should continue to hold his appointment, that Sir Antony Macdonnell should stay in Ireland, or that Mr. Wyndham should expect to effect much good after his policy and his administration have been so rudely shaken.—"St. James's Gazette."

Lord Dudley, no doubt, went farther than the Minister responsible to Parliament for Irish administration, in being privy to the special proposals of Lord Dunraven. . . . But his retirement would be a grievous loss to Ireland.—"Standard."

Mr. Wyndham and Lord Dudley made a blunder from which they should have been saved by their technical knowledge of administration, and that blunder, as we understand the situation, they neither of them seek to palliate or deny.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

There was a battle royal in the Cabinet. One section was for dismissing Sir Antony Macdonnell; the other strongly opposed such a course. And no wonder, for there are some of them who, as honourable men, would be bound themselves to go, if Sir Antony went.—"Daily Chronicle."

Mr. Balfour's speech last night suggested that all the trouble had been smoothed over; that nobody had been guilty of anything worse than a few minor indiscretions; and that nobody need resign.

But those who know say that the resignations are merely postponed in order to save the Government's face, and that they will occur later and be attributed to other causes.

Meanwhile the member of Parliament who contributes to the *Daily Mirror* with many of the remarkable features of the present crisis.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Balfour's Anger with Lord Dudley—Sir A. Macdonnell Refused to Resign.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—The Sir Antony Macdonnell incident still occupies the first place in the minds of members, and in expectation of further revelations being forthcoming, members flocked to the House in large numbers this afternoon. The fact that there had been a Cabinet Council, at which it was known that the attitude to be adopted by the Government to-night was under discussion, added interest to the situation.

From inside sources I learn that Mr. Balfour is exceedingly indignant at the action of Lord Dudley in having written the letter to Lord Lansdowne admitting that he was cognisant of the negotiations between Sir Antony Macdonnell and Lord Dunraven, and which was read in the House of Lords.

This action of the Viceroy has placed the Prime Minister in an exceedingly difficult position, and everybody feels that it will exercise his well-known

ingenuity to the utmost to keep his forces together during this Irish crisis.

Lord Lansdowne is still a strong champion of Sir Antony, and at present is the only real obstacle to the dismissal of the Under-Secretary. I am able to state on the very best authority that on the day Sir Antony Macdonnell was censured by the Cabinet an intimation was conveyed to him that if he placed his resignation in the hands of the Government, it would be an act greatly appreciated.

This, however, he absolutely refused to do, and from that position he has not receded. He feels that if the Government wishes to get rid of him they can dismiss him, and then he will be free to place the real facts before Parliament and the country. In the event of his resigning, this, of course, would be impossible, as he would feel bound by the traditions of the service not to publish any facts connected with his official position.

The two most important and interesting speeches this afternoon were delivered by Mr. Dillon and Mr. Tim Healy.

Mr. Dillon has just returned from a prolonged rest, necessitated by the state of his health, and when he rose to address the House this afternoon he received a very hearty and very general welcome. He was not quite so passionate as usual, and, as I thought, much more effective in consequence of his handling of the whole Macdonnell affair was exceedingly telling, and once or twice he scored heavily against the Government.

"TIM HEALY UP."

Mr. Healy as usual displayed all his well-known power to attract a full House. Immediately it was known that "Tim was up," members flocked into the Chamber until there was scarcely a vacant seat.

Speaking entirely without notes, he held the absorbed and at times greatly amused attention of the House for the space of three quarters of an hour. His main theme was that the Ulster Tories were invariably dissatisfied, no matter what Government was in power, and that, therefore, their attitude was no novelty on this occasion.

Mr. Healy left his hearers in no doubt as to the fact that he strongly disapproved the action of the Nationalists in attacking Mr. Wyndham at this juncture. His view was that they would have been better employed supporting the Government against the attacks of their own friends.

From the point of view of Parliamentary tactics, I am satisfied that Mr. Healy is right.

He managed to make the House laugh heartily when he referred to the appointment of some Irish race collector, who had got the appointment because he was a Catholic, and in spite of the fact that a Protestant had offered to collect the rates at 2d. in the pound against 3d. paid to the Catholic.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LAUGH.

The reason for this appointment, explained Mr. Healy, was because the Board who made the selection had been reading Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, and had evidently become imbued with the idea that cheapness was not the first thing to be sought, and that if they paid more for rate-collecting they would speedily be in a position to pay more.

Mr. Chamberlain himself joined in the hearty laugh which this sally provoked, as he did a little later when Mr. Healy, in reading out a list of Irish officials, came across the name of "Chamberlain." He hastened to explain that he had "no connection with another house of the same name."

For brilliancy and humour Mr. Healy showed himself to be one of the most attractive speakers in the House, and many complaints were raised afterwards in the Lobby that his voice was so seldom heard in Parliament.

The Liberals have been looking forward to winning the Buteshire by-election, but I have reason to believe they are likely to be severely disappointed.

BUSINESS DONE.

The discussion of Mr. Redmond's Irish amendment being resumed, Mr. Dillon pressed for the production of the Wyndham-Macdonnell correspondence. It was inconceivable that Sir Antony had been censured without being heard, and that if asked for an explanation he did not say he was acting with the knowledge and approval of Lord Dudley and Mr. Wyndham.

At the evening sitting the two great speeches were made by Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour. The Premier's statement on the Irish crisis had been awaited all day with intense curiosity as to how he would extricate the Government from the mud. His speech was a marvel of dexterity, and a distinct triumph over a very difficult situation. He said in effect that though there had been misunderstandings and indiscretions, there had been nothing that need cause any member of the Cabinet to resign.

The division, which took place at midnight, again showed the ability of the Premier to keep a majority no matter how dangerous the issue,

ROMANTIC STORY OF FATHER GAPON.

Joins a Band of Smugglers and Escapes to Paris.

STRIKING INTERVIEW.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—A representative of the "Libre Parole" has interviewed Father Gapon, the famous leader of the St. Petersburg strike, who is now in Paris.

When seen by the journalist Father Gapon was dressed in a white smock, like a Parisian workman. Father Gapon, who was wounded at Varna Gate on "Vladimir's Day," remained in St. Petersburg for some time after the massacre, changing his disguise several times a day.

Finally, after many subterfuges, he succeeded in crossing the frontier with a band of smugglers.

"The divine halo which once surrounded the Tsar is now extinguished in the eyes of his subjects," said the revered gentleman. "The people never believed they would be fired upon by the soldiers. There will be a terrible vengeance for the bloodshed."

Father Gapon says he is prepared to return to Russia as soon as his presence is needed by the persecuted workpeople.

OVER 100 MINERS KILLED.

Terrible Explosion of Coal Dust in an Alabama Colliery.

BIRMINGHAM (Alabama), Monday.—A serious explosion of dust has occurred in the Virginia mines belonging to the Alabama Steel and Wire Company.

It is reported that 107 men perished, and that many others are entombed.

Scores of men are now vigorously digging to rescue those imprisoned in the mine, but it is believed that the interior will not be reached until ten o'clock, and but little hope is entertained of any of the men being found alive.—Reuter.

PANIC AT A BULL-FIGHT.

Matador Called "Dare-devil" Terribly Injured by His Third Bull.

A horrible bull-fighting accident is reported from Juarez, Mexico.

Rafael Arana, a noted Spanish matador, known as the "Dare-devil," had killed two bulls and was engaged with a third, when the infuriated animal caught him on its horns and rushed about the arena with his body. The spectators were panic-stricken.

Arana was terribly injured, and will be unable to fight again.

CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD.

Pitcairners Lose the Cutter, Which Is Their Only Means of Communication.

The descendants of the Bounty Mutineers are absolutely isolated on Pitcairn Island, says Reuter.

The cutter which has for years enabled the Pitcairners to trade with Tahiti, and also to take people backwards and forwards, capsized in a gale in June last, one of the islanders, Coffin, jun., being drowned.

Miss Rosalind Young, through whom the information comes, had been waiting six months at Tahiti for the cutter, and she now appeals to the British public for help to obtain another boat.

SCOTTISH EARL'S DEATH.

In his seventy-ninth year the Earl of Southesk died yesterday at his seat, Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, Forfarshire, where he had been lying ill for several weeks, and had recently undergone an operation.

His lordship was the ninth Earl, and owned about 22,700 acres. He never figured prominently as a public man, but was much endeared to his tenantry. Lord Charles Noel Carnegie, his eldest son, succeeds to the earldom.

NOVELIST COMMISSIONER.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard left Liverpool yesterday for the United States, in order to inspect and report upon the Salvation Army labour colonies in that country. He has been appointed a Commissioner for that purpose by the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

REVIVALISTS IN THE CITY.

Dr. Torrey Says He Will Not Use
the "Invitation" Method.

LIGHTNING SERMON.

Dr. Torrey was in his element yesterday, when, with Mr. Alexander, he began his campaign among business men at Cannon-street Hotel.

He was rather the defender of the faith than the evangelist. Hundreds came too late to gain admission, and scores stood.

Exeter Hall was disproportionately represented, and probably few bona-fide City men found places. Anyone acquainted with the revival methods at the Albert Hall must have noted the contrast. There was no choir, no inquiry-room or penitential form, no personal appeal, and no "Victory Song."

Dr. Torrey told the *Daily Mirror* that he did not mean to employ the "invitation" method of making converts at these gatherings; but the preaching of the truth, he contended, was equivalent to preaching the Gospel.

Hymns Sung Seated.

"We shall sing sitting," said Mr. Alexander. "The luncheon hour should be a rest amid the day's work." The opening hymn was "Jesus, lover of my soul," which the audience sang to a man.

Mr. Head, of Lloyd's, offered prayer, and Mr. C. E. Tritton, M.P., welcomed the evangelists to the ancient City of London.

Dr. Torrey mentioned, with mingled pride and humour, that he had English blood in his veins, because his ancestors settled in America as recently as 1630.

Speaking on "Why I believe the Bible to be the word of God," and keeping his eye on him at a pace that baffled most stenographers.

He gave the Benediction at the conclusion of his address with scarcely an instant's pause, and released his hearers punctually at five minutes to two.

The general impression given by this first service in the City was good.

"TOO BUSY TO COOK."

Welsh Butchers Complain That the Revival
Has Injured Their Business.

The butchers of Rhos, in Wales, are complaining that their receipts have fallen off because working men's wives are now too busy attending prayer-meetings to do much cooking for their husbands.

Mrs. Jones, of Egron, has publicly returned thanks because the lights which she regards as of Divine origin were not successfully snuffed.

NURSES IN REVOLT.

Protest Against a Scheme Which They Say
Will Make Them "Serfs."

The nursing profession of London is in revolt because its "rights" are said to be in danger.

A company styling itself the "Incorporated Society for Promoting Higher Education and Training of Nurses" has just been founded by Lord Rothschild, Lord Revelstoke, Mr. H. Cosmo Bonser, Mr. Hope Morley, Mr. Hugh C. Smith, Mr. E. A. Hambro, and Mr. C. H. Goschen.

This society aims at the examination and registration of nurses, recognition of approved nursing schools, granting of certificates, contributions from nurses towards the society's support, etc.

Some of the leading nurses denounce it as an attempt to reduce them to serfdom.

To-day a public meeting of nurses is to be held at 20, Hanover-square, with Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson as "chairman," to protest against the Board of Trade granting its licence to the new body.

Lord Rothschild and his six colleagues have been invited to attend.

CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN MISSING.

Mr. N. C. Young, a freshman at Christ's College, Cambridge, has suddenly disappeared.

On Friday, it is stated, he received a letter from his father as to whether he should go up to Cambridge next term. He then left the college, and has not been heard of since.

MOTOR LIFEBOATS.

The question of motor lifeboats was raised at the National Lifeboat Institution meeting at the Mansion House yesterday.

What a great advantage it would be, said the organising secretary, to the brave men to have the aid of a motor in battling the waves. For this, however, many thousands of pounds would be required.

KING'S NEW HORSE.

His Majesty Buys the First Favourite for
the Grand National Steeplechase.

The King has just purchased Moifaa, the well-known racehorse, winner of last year's Grand National Steeplechase, and at the present moment prime favourite for the Grand National to be decided next month.

Moifaa, bred in New Zealand and imported into this country by Mr. Spencer Gollan, won the great Liverpool race in that gentleman's colours. It is understood that the price to be paid for the horse is £2,500.

The news of the purchase will give general satisfaction—particularly as the death of Ambush II., the royal candidate, deprived the race of its most interesting feature.

Moifaa, now nine years old, is not a handsome horse, but of his sterling merit there can be no doubt. He was not at all liked by the critics at Liverpool last year, and started among the long-priced division for the Grand National. He jumped in superb style, and won readily from Kirkland, The Gunner, and twenty-three others.

That he is in fine trim just now was obvious a few days since from the meritorious display given in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase at Sandown Park—and on that form hopes may well be based that Moifaa will win a second Grand National for his Majesty.

CARRIED OFF IN A CART.

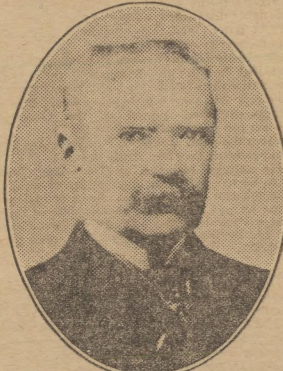
Girl's Plucky Action Brings a Cowardly
Abductor to Justice.

Under a railway bridge near Bredbury, Chester, a drunken man suddenly snatched up Kate Sergeant, a child of twelve, into the cart he was driving, but she screamed and jumped out.

Louisa Foden, a girl of sixteen, followed the cart to a hotel and held the horse's head till the child's father came up.

The man, Cecil Hesse, of Fallowfield, said to be a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, was fined 40s. and costs.

SIR ANTONY MACDONNELL.



Whose official position in Ireland
formed the subject of the noisy
debate in the House. Sir Antony was
formerly in the Indian Civil Service,
but since 1902 has been Under-
Secretary for Ireland.—(Elliott and
Fry.)

DEARTH OF VOLUNTEERS.

Certain corps of metropolitan Volunteers are seriously short of officers and men, as the following figures, supplied yesterday by the Secretary for War, will show:—

	Short of Establishment.
13th Middlesex (Queen's)	811
7th Middlesex (London Scottish)	547
20th Middlesex (Artists)	875
12th Middlesex (Civil Service)	489
1st Middlesex (Victoria and St. George's)	652
14th Middlesex (Inns of Court)	527
16th Middlesex (London Irish)	736
1st London (London Rifle Brigade)	848

"NO WORK, NO FOOD."

"I hope," said Sir Francis Powell, M.P., at the Poor Law Conference at the Guildhall yesterday, "that the workhouse as an abode for all classes of poor is passing away for ever."

It should be a place where the ignorant were taught and the inefficient were trained.

Penal tasks should not be imposed, but the motto should be "No work, no food."

The new Queen Victoria Memorial is, in Mr. M. H. Spielmann's opinion, the only memorial worthy of the name yet erected in England.

BUSINESS BOOM.

City Confident That Good Times
Are In Store.

CONSOLS AT PAR?

Consols, it is whispered in the City, are going up to "par."

Within ten days they have gone up 2½ points.

"If," said an authority to the *Daily Mirror*, "the war stopped, and trade kept about as it is now, and there were not too many loans issued, Consols would soon rise to 'par.'"

"Last year they fell as low as 85. Then all the banks wrote down their stock accordingly."

"Most of the banks have never written the stock up again, so the present rise means that they are better off than appears in the balance-sheets."

"The highest figure Consols reached last year was 91 7-16."

"In 1903 the highest and lowest figures were 93 13-16 and 86½."

The present steady rise is a good sign, because it comes in company with the enormous success of recent big issues.

The lowest figure Consols reached this year was 87½. On February 8 they stood at 88 9-16. Yesterday they went up to 91.

Business on the Stock Exchange remains extraordinarily active, and it is not thought likely that anything will arise to interfere with the revival of prosperity.

WOMAN HERMIT.

Lives in a Tumble-down Hut in Horror
of the Workhouse.

In a tumble-down wooden shed at the back of a house close to High-street, Stratford, the *Daily Mirror* yesterday found a poor, shivering woman of twenty-five years, who has had no other home for three months.

She is in a state of starvation, her limbs are racked with rheumatism, her chest is weak, and her heart is affected, yet her manner of living is her own deliberate choice.

The alternative is the infirmary or some other institution. Here medical care, warmth, and food await her.

But, in answer to this, she told the *Daily Mirror*—"I may be odd. But I went into a home once, and almost became melancholy mad. Even this wretched existence is better than the workhouse."

"Since the new year," she says, "I have earned about half-a-crown by running errands. I am really a tailor's, but cannot get regular work, owing to my continual illness."

"The priest (the woman is a Roman Catholic) has begged me to go to a home, but I would rather die."

THE INCONSISTENT SEX.

Plumes and Ospreys Worn at a Bird
Protection Meeting.

One of the unwritten laws of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is that its members shall wear neither ospreys, wings, nor the bodies of birds in their hats. Neither shall they wear hats made entirely of feathers.

The ironical woman had a triumph at the annual meeting, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel yesterday, for many women there were wearing a feathered trophy in their hats.

Even the becoming headgear worn by the president, the Duchess of Portland, boasted a long feather. True, it was only an ostrich plume, which is permitted.

There were two sinners with ospreys nodding on their heads, and they looked exceedingly uncomfortable because the result of a prosecution for killing an osprey bird was read out, while wings and quills bristled galore and smashed on the heads of various other members.

PSYCHE'S FARTHING.

A picture of a young lady gazing into a pool, and published in "Munsey's Magazine," was decided in the Chancery Court yesterday to be a copy of a winged Psyche, the copyright of which is owned by Mr. Franz Hauslaengl.

Though the picture in the magazine had no wings the difference was not held to excuse W. H. Smith and Sons, who were ordered to pay one farthing damages.

AGRA DIAMOND ON VIEW.

Crowds thronged Christie's Rooms yesterday to view Messrs. Streeter and Co.'s superb collection of jewels, which are to be dispersed to-day.

The centre of interest was, of course, the famous Agra diamond.

SHOWERS OF FLOWERS

Miss Marie Hall's Splendid Welcome
on Her Reappearance in London.

It is just a year since Miss Marie Hall, the famous girl violinist, last gave a recital in London, and during most of the long interval she has been an invalid.

She received a very warm welcome indeed when she reappeared at Queen's Hall, yesterday, and flowers were showered upon her at the conclusion of her first piece.

It was plain throughout that her hand had lost none of its cunning.

Her health broke down last spring from over-work, and after ten weeks in bed with typhoid she had to take a long holiday at Felixstowe and Haverre. During this time of rest she was not allowed to play a note.

Sometimes, on long journeys, she practises in the train.

She always manages to find time to teach her little brother, who is twelve, and she is quite sure he will be a famous violinist some day. But she does not approve of prodigies, and he will not appear on a platform till he is at least sixteen.

It was a real Stradivarius upon which she played yesterday, and if her guardian approves of it she will buy it, after a thorough three weeks' trial.

APPLES 1s. 9d. EACH.

Costly Luxuries From the Cape for Rich
Folk's Dessert.

"Very early strawberries do not find any favour with City men," said a well-known Cannon-street fruiterer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Novelties from the Cape have displaced them on the dinner-tables of epicures."

But in Regent-street, besides small English-grown strawberries at 50s. a box of 2lb. there is quite a display of peaches from Buenos Ayres, at from 24s. to 30s. a dozen, and nectarines, pears, and plums from the Cape.

Apples at 1s. 9d. apiece can also be purchased.

SIR HENRY IRVING ILL.

Collapses After a Performance of "Waterloo"
and "The Bells" at Wolverhampton.

Sir Henry Irving is indisposed at Wolverhampton.

After his performance in "Waterloo" and "The Bells" on Monday night he completely collapsed, and when at last he was able to take a call it was obvious he was very ill.

In the course of his long stage career of close on fifty years Sir Henry Irving has been wonderfully little troubled by illness. In spite of his delicate appearance he is better fitted than most people to undergo hard work and worry without feeling any bad effects.

The feeling the public have for him has never been better illustrated than by the incident which took place at Swansea a few months ago.

After his last night's performance the audience sang "Lead, Kindly Light" and "God be with you till we meet again," while he stood on the stage with bowed head, deeply moved by so remarkable a demonstration.

Sir Henry's present privation tour lasts until April. After that he comes to Drury Lane for five weeks. Then he goes to America for nine months. His final farewell performances will be given in 1906.

BRITISH CREWS LEAP FOR LIFE.

Two British steamers—the Furness-Leyland liner Philadelphian and the Hall liner Daltonhall—were damaged by a fire which broke out yesterday in the Housat Tunnel Docks, at Charlton.

The crews had to jump overboard, and the Philadelphian's steward was seriously injured.

Damage to the extent of over £200,000 was done to piers and shipping.

RAINBOW TORPEDO CRAFT.

Variegated hues may succeed black and grey (states the "Pall Mall Gazette" naval expert) as the colouring of our torpedo craft and destroyers.

Experimenters have led experts to think that these hues are the best aids to invisibility, and the expert prophesies that a line of destroyers in the future will resemble "a fractured rainbow."

MISS LOIE FULLER'S LATEST DANCE.

Miss Loie Fuller, the inventor of the skirt dance, is giving "The Dance of the Thousand Veils" at the Coliseum. It is a portrayal of the purification of the soul by fire.

During the dance butterflies move across the auditorium, whose wings are treated with radium, the crystals of which are agitated by light.

Nearly £2,000 was realised yesterday at Christie's for a collection of engravings.

LORD DURHAM AND THE TIPSTER.

"Swindlers" or "Scoundrels Who
Corrupt Stable-lads."

PARLIAMENT INVOKED.

Lord Durham is firmly convinced that the advertising racing tipster should be abolished by Act of Parliament.

In this month's "Grand Magazine" he makes a vehement attack upon the whole system.

"These men," he says, "either prey upon the credulity of the public, in which case they are common swindlers, deserving prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences, or they are scoundrels who have succeeded in corrupting the morals of trainers and stable-lads."

"There is not a trainer in the kingdom who will not freely tell you what a curse tipsters and touters are amongst their stable-lads. Look at some of these circulars which are sent broadcast throughout England."

"Stable secrets. Now, what do they mean by that? A trainer is engaged by the owner of the stable to look after a particular horse, and to report to his employer as to that horse's progress and condition prior to a race. Outsiders have no more right to try to obtain by illicit means information on these matters than a burglar has to break into a house and steal property. Yet the inference is that these professional tipsters not only do try but that they succeed."

"If we are to credit these advertisements, all trainers are false to their employers and all jockeys 'pull' their horses. Of course, when this sort of thing is disseminated we must not be surprised when we hear the Turf denounced by respectable persons, and when we hear respectable racing men charged with fraud and dishonourable devices."

Imprisonment Recommended.

"When flat-racing begins again the cheques and postal orders will flow from the clerk, artisan, and apprentice in all parts of the country, subscribing for tips. One man alone claimed to have received 5,000 wires in a day, and on inquiry at the post office I found he actually did receive 3,000."

"The Betting Commission has recommended the suppression of such circulars by the police. It should be punishable by imprisonment to send out such, for it induces gambling amongst many who would not otherwise be induced to gamble, and who cannot afford it without sacrificing the money which should go to the support of the home."

"I long ago suggested to the Bishop of Hereford that he could effect a useful reform by bringing in a Bill in Parliament, and I trust he will comply with my request. But I am not one of those who think that it is possible to put down betting. I don't think such a thing is practicable."

"The whole race of tipsters—barnacles on the fair fame of the Turf—must be swept away, not merely because they encourage betting, but because all their promises and professions imply dishonesty and treachery on the part of the stable employes."

"A tipster conducts a race bucket-shop. He battens on the credulity and affects the morality of the public, and for the damage he does in this respect he and his circulars should be suppressed by Act of Parliament."

PRISONER'S TRIUMPH.

Passive Resister Feted as a Hero on
Leaving Gaol.

After five days' sojourn in the uncomfortable interior of Hull Gaol, where he had been as a martyr to passive resistance principles, Mr. Robert Glenore returned to home and Scarborough yesterday afternoon.

His arrival at the railway station was a miniature triumph, for he is a leading local Nonconformist.

Loud cheers were given as he stepped on to the platform and embraced his four children. His wife had travelled as far as Ely to meet him.

Amid renewed cheers Mr. Glenore was publicly thanked by the Rev. Frederick Hall, who declared that passive resisters would not surrender until the present Government had been swept away for ever.

30 times more
Nutritive than Milk.

PLASMON

Builds up the Tissues.

Infants digest it—
British soldiers fight on it.

Of all Chemists, Grocers,
and Stores, 9d.

PLUCKY WOMAN.

Completely Routs Three Burglars with a
Brandished Poker.

By pluckily attacking three burglars with a poker Mrs. Gallaher prevented a large quantity of jewellery from being stolen from a jeweller's shop in Kensington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallaher occupied three rooms as caretakers in a restaurant in Clarendon-place, which had been closed for some weeks. At a quarter to two in the morning they were aroused by hearing the sound of hammering downstairs in the restaurant. Hastily dressing, Mrs. Gallaher and her husband armed themselves with pokers and went below to investigate.

Looking into the dining-room they saw three men at work boring a hole through an 18in. wall, which divided the restaurant from the jeweller's shop.

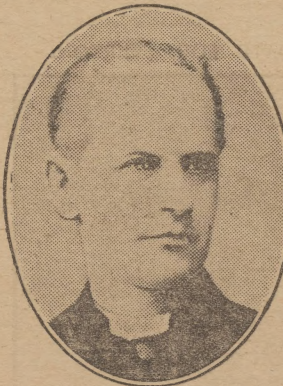
When the burglars saw Mrs. Gallaher coming at them with the poker they smashed a window in the plate-glass door leading to the street, and two escaped scot-free.

The third man was not quick enough, and he received a heavy blow on the head from the poker wielded by Mrs. Gallaher.

Hearing the smash of glass a policeman ran up in time to catch the injured burglar; but on the way to the station the man escaped from the officer, and no trace of the thieves has yet been discovered.

The policeman, who has had eighteen years' service, has been suspended from his duties.

MARQUIS-SCHOOLMASTER SUED.



The Marquis of Normanby, who has been sued by Mr. Thomas Bolton, M.P., for £450 damages for dilapidation of a house in which the Marquis conducted a school.—(Elliott and Fry.)

JUDGE LAUGHED LAST.

Alien Who Told the Truth by Accident
Learns a Lesson.

"The little shop is not mein, it is mein missus's," pleaded A. Racknow, a judgment debtor, who asked for more time at the Whitechapel Court yesterday in which to pay.

Judge Bacon: What money do you get when you have a holiday?—I never leave mein shop.

Judge Bacon: "Mein shop." So it is yours, then.

Racknow said his wife bought the shop with 500 roubles she brought from Russia.

"Nonsense; aliens don't bring roubles here," remarked the Judge, who ordered the debtor to pay 2s. a month.

In leaving the court Racknow and two friends laughed with so little restraint that Racknow was called back.

The Judge: I suppose you said, "How easy it is to take in a Christian Judge!" You are mistaken. Now pay 4s. a month.

THEATRE MANAGER'S DEBTS.

The creditors of Henry Thomas Brickwell, et al. one time manager for Mr. Edward Terry, and subsequently of the Garrick and Court Theatres, met at the Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

Mr. Brickwell attributed his position to losses on the theatrical speculations, and filed a statement of affairs showing liabilities £6,192, of which £3,789 were unsecured, and estimated assets £1,837. The debtor consented to an order of adjudication.

H. J. Lawson, who is under a sentence of twelve months' hard labour, was still too unwell to surrender at the Old Bailey yesterday.

A public-house on the riverside was yesterday described at the Brentford Licensing Sessions as "an aristocratic resort for barges."

HIS "LONELY HOME."

Minister's Pathetic Talk Induces a
Lady's Sympathy.

UNHAPPY SEQUEL.

It is very rarely that a minister of religion makes his appearance as a party in a suit in the Divorce Court. The occasions are rarer still when guilt is alleged against a clergyman or minister.

But there was an exception yesterday when the Rev. Jesse Wilson, minister of the Primitive Methodist Connexion at Mexborough, Yorkshire, was co-respondent in a suit brought by one of his congregation.

Mr. Wilson, a middle-aged minister with a strong, intellectual face, and habited in the black coat and white tie of his profession, had to sit and listen to the following story told by Mr. Priestley, K.C., and Mr. Jeffs, the petitioning husband, who is superintendent of an insurance agency:—

A few doors from the minister's house, in Doncaster-street, Mexborough, there lived last year Mr. Jeffs with his family by his first wife, and his second wife, Mrs. Ada Jeffs.

Husband and wife had occasional little differences of opinion, but they were united in their attachment to their church, and in regard for its minister.

They invited the minister to dinner one day, and when he went away he said, with a sigh, "I am going to my lonely home."

On the following day Mr. Jeffs was returning home, when Mrs. Wilson, standing at her garden gate, asked him to stop. The minister had no longer any cause for feeling lonely, as his wife had returned. Yet in spite of this fact Mrs. Wilson complained he had been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Jeffs.

Neighbours Talking.

Going into his house Mr. Jeffs addressed his wife gravely. "Ada," he said, "the neighbours are talking about you."

Mrs. Jeffs had excuses ready. Once Mr. Wilson had talked to her about a tea-meeting she asked him to give to her Sunday-school class. At another time he had come to apologise for not having got her a hymn-book.

But when her husband returned to the subject on the next day she went down on her knees and begged for forgiveness. She had been unable to "resist the minister," she said. He had "prevailed over her." He had said "there was nothing wrong," and had talked to her about "the laws of affinity."

After he had told his wife to leave the house, Mr. Jeffs asked the minister to step round. "Why, what is wrong?" the latter asked. "You ought to know," replied Mr. Jeffs. "My wife has told me everything."

"Ruined,"

And then, according to Mr. Jeffs, the minister said: "I am a ruined man."

Mr. Wilson went back to his house, and wrote the following note:—

Dear Sir,—I am broken-hearted, and so is my good wife. She is most anxious to see you. Would you come to see a poor, broken-hearted man and woman? Do come, if only for a minute.—Broken-hearted, J. WILSON.

The case, which is defended both by Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Jeffs, was adjourned.

SPORTING WIFE.

Indulged in Betting a Little, but Did Not
Embarrass Her Husband.

A sporting lady obtained a judicial separation against an unappreciative husband yesterday in the Westminster Court.

She said that she left home after quarrelling with her husband just before Christmas. She went back, but was refused admittance.

"You are what I might describe as a sporting little woman," said Mr. Conway, speaking for the husband. "You like a little bit on a horse."

The lady admitted that she put a little bit on to see if she could win, but said that her bets had never been so heavy as to embarrass her husband.

Eventually Mr. Horace Smith granted the wife a judicial separation, with an order for 12s. 6d. a week, and the custody of the youngest child.

SUICIDE WITH A HAMMER.

While suffering from religious mania James Owers, a Women's Holiday Fund Society messenger, living at Kensington, hit himself with a hammer and inflicted such terrible injuries that he afterwards died.

650 GAS METER ROBBERIES.

It was stated at the Thames Police Court, yesterday, that last year 500 meters belonging to the Commercial Gas Company were broken into. There had already been 150 robberies this year.

MONTE CARLO VISIT.

Lady's Evidence in the Strange Suit
Against an Hotel.

Black is hardly a suitable colour for a very nice-looking young lady to wear in the witness-box of a law court—unless her plaint is very, very pathetic indeed.

So Mrs. Joyce, regarding her suit against the Grand Hotel, Monte Carlo, as belonging to the medium order of pathos, came to give her evidence yesterday in a tasteful costume of neutral grey.

She is suing the hotel for the sum of £253 16s., which she had to pay before her beautiful wardrobe, which had been seized because a friend of hers, with whom she was sharing a suite of rooms, had not paid his hotel bill, was released.

Mr. Gill, K.C., in his well-known sympathetic manner, cross-examined her about her acquaintance with the friend, Captain Charles Lupin Davis, and she answered in a sweet, engaging way.

"Where did you meet the captain?" she was asked.—It was at a friend's house in Bedford-court-mansions.

"And what rent do you pay?" asked counsel genially, when the fair witness had told him that she is now living at a house in Norfolk-street, off Park-lane. Mrs. Joyce replied that her ground-rent is £100 a year. She has paid £2,000 for a lease.

Then Mr. Gill attributed to the young lady a distinction which she modestly disclaimed. She had not been accustomed to drive in the Park in a carriage and pair—only in an ordinary cab.

The case was adjourned.

MAN OF MANY PARTS.

Divided His Energies Between Hair Dyes
and Magazines.

After trying several lines of business which are popularly supposed to ensure comfortable incomes, Henry Wait Sharp now finds himself in the Bankruptcy Court.

Starting in business in Long-lane, E.C., with another, for the sale of "Gordon's Extract for indigestion," his subsequent career embraced trading in:—

1889—Frazer's Sulphur Tablets.
1891—Magazine, Ludgate Monthly.
1892—Zotis—a hair dye.
1895—Santonia—a hair dye.
1898—Monthly, "Our Paper," to advertise a tonia, "Cacola."

The failure was ascribed to the inadequate returns for the sums expended on advertising. The examination was concluded, the accounts showing ranking liabilities £1,970 10s., and net assets £241 14s.

CRUEL TO BE KIND.

Ex-Convict Father Takes an Affecting Farewell
Of His Children.

"Jubilee Jones," the ex-convict, and the man who, at the time of the Jubilee, wrecked a house on the line of route because his landlord wished to eject him, yesterday had his two children taken from him at the Southwark Police Court.

The object of the proceedings was to remove the two children, a boy and a girl, aged ten and nine respectively, from their evil surroundings.

Mr. Cecil Chapman reminded him that his two grown-up sons and the woman with whom he had lived were in prison, and that his daughter had also been convicted, and that it was obviously the best thing for the children to send them to industrial schools.

Jones kissed his children passionately before they left the court.

UNREPENTANT.

Frank Percy Kingham, who is alleged to have murdered his child-wife, was discharged from hospital yesterday and remanded at Marylebone.

On the way to the court the accused declared: "Whatever I have done is all owing to my wife's mother. I am not at all sorry, and shall be glad when it is all over."

**CHILDREN
TEETHING**

TO MOTHERS.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup**

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.

FUGITIVE WIFE.

Husband's Surprise On Returning
From a Business Trip.

£2,000 DAMAGES.

This letter from his wife Mr. Mathew Buchanan, a wholesale confectioner at Manchester, found awaiting him on his return from a business journey:

Dear Mat,—After what you said to me last week it will not perhaps surprise you to hear that I have left you for ever.

I am going with Charlie, and we mean to live the rest of our lives together. I have loved him for a long time. I meant to stay here and do my duty to you, but my life has been so unbearable lately that I feel I can stand no more of it.

You need not attempt to follow me, or try to get me to come back, as nothing on this earth will induce me to do so. If you want to divorce me you may, and I will make no defence.

About the same time Mrs. Botsford, wife of a Manchester jeweller and city councillor, received the following:—

Dear Nell,—It cannot much astonish you to know I have gone away, and that I never mean to see any of you again. I mean to make a fresh start.

It will not be of the slightest use to try and follow me, as nothing will persuade me to resume the old life. I will kill myself first. Forgive me if you can. If not, think of me as kindly as possible.

For years the two families had been on intimate terms. In August 1903, they all spent a holiday together at Loch Lomond.

Mrs. Buchanan and Mr. Botsford were traced to Naples, and yesterday in the Divorce Court Mr. Buchanan obtained a decree nisi, with £2,000 damages.

VAST TRAMCAR PROFITS.

Only a Few Small Towns Complain of
Unremunerative Results.

With seventy-five miles of tramway apiece, Glasgow in 1903-4 made a profit of £368,031, and Manchester £222,456. The Liverpool, Leeds, Dublin, and London United systems also made six-figure profits.

The Board of Trade return which supplies this information contains a number of interesting facts about tramways.

There are 15,000 tram-horses in the kingdom now, against 40,000 only six years ago.

The number of miles of electric tramway open to traffic in 1898 was 269; last year it was 1840, and the number of cars had been multiplied by seven.

In the year 1903-4 the number of passengers carried on tramways was 1,799,342,673, as compared with a little over 146 millions a quarter of a century ago.

Only in a few small towns, such as Exeter, Folkestone, Ipswich, and Matlock, did a loss appear last year on the year's working.

In the whole kingdom the net receipts amounted to almost £3,000,000, of which £1,200,000 was appropriated as interest or dividend, £500,000 to the repayment of debt or sinking-fund, and £200,000 to the relief of rates.

30,000-MILE TRIP.

General Booth's Coming Visit to Palestine
and Australasia.

On Thursday, March 2, General Booth's 30,000 miles tour will begin with his departure from Victoria Station at 11 a.m. He will travel via Dover and Calais to Marseilles, and embark on the P. and O. steamer Peninsular for Port Said.

He will then successively visit Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, and many other places in Palestine.

Returning to Port Said, he will afterwards sail for Australia, via Colombo, and visit New Zealand also. He should arrive in London on August 2, receiving a huge welcome from 10,000 Salvationists in the Albert Hall.

WAR ON FLIRTS.

Bachelors Combine in Defence Against
Feminine Blandishments.

The callous bachelors of Blackburn, consolidated under a mutual protective society, have declared war on the feminine flirt.

One of the rules of this flint-hearted organisation is that:—

No confirmed bachelor is to talk for more than a quarter of an hour with a member of the fair sex, unless in pursuit of professional or other duties.

Meanwhile the Blackburn damsels have sworn a deadly boycott of their unromantic enemies.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

After Mr. Graham Murray, Lord Justice-General of Scotland, had arrived at decisions in the trial cases set for him in Edinburgh yesterday, he was formally installed as Lord Graham Murray.

Sea encroachments at Aldeburgh have carried away the targets of the Aldeburgh Artillery Volunteers.

So far as the utilisation of modern scientific machinery is concerned South Wales farmers claim to be the most advanced in the British Isles.

An instance of street musicians' earnings was given at Gateshead when the wife of a concertina player said her husband often made 16s. a day. She had known him earn a sovereign.

Investigation as to the cause of the music suddenly ceasing during the singing of a hymn at a Bristol church revealed the fact that the organ-blower had died suddenly at his post.

Arran is by no means prepared for a general election so far as vehicular facilities are concerned. It has only one wagonette available for Liberals and Conservatives alike. Nor does this solitary conveyance boast a cover.

The unusual application to reduce a seven-days' licence to one of six days, in connection with the Five Bells Inn, Edenham, was made at Bourne, Lincolnshire. Lord Ancaster has let the inn to the Lincolnshire Public-house Trust.

Mr. J. Carter, 32, Warwick-road, New Southgate, N., writes that he is prepared to match himself for £20 against Mr. Philip Ashhead, of Stockport, whose portrait appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, to lay as many bricks as he in an eight, nine, ten hours, or a week's contest.

When the No. 2 mill of the Swan-lane Spinning Co., Ltd., Bolton, is completed, it will be the largest mill in Lancashire. No fewer than 210,000 spindles will then be running under one roof.

"Birds of Paradise are rapidly becoming extinct," says a well-known ornithologist, "owing to the great demand for them in the matter of trimming ladies' hats."

Regarded as the smallest British falcon, a specimen of the merlin, which is rarely seen in the Midlands, has been shot by a gamekeeper in a wood near Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

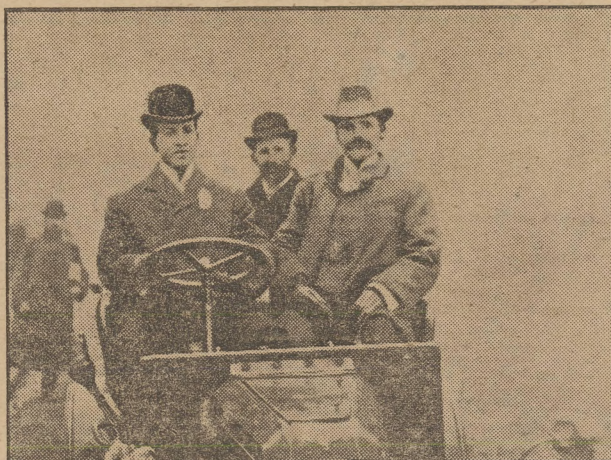
Welsh water now being used in Birmingham plays havoc with both iron and tin kettles and saucepans, says a local ironmonger. Copper kettles, however, he adds, are not affected.

"To wear boys from the evil habit of smoking and to themselves refrain from smoking in the vicinity of the schools," is the request contained in a circular issued by the Salford education authority to their teachers.

Sometimes the sea gives up its treasure. A Shields trawler brought up in its net a sailor's bag, which turns out to be the property of the captain of the Norwegian barque *Leopard*, abandoned in the North Sea a few days ago. Inside the bag were all the ship's papers.

Remains of a Tibetan Lama have just reached a Cowbridge (Glamorgan) clergyman from a friend at Sinagar, in Kashmir. The relic takes the form of a Buddha-like piece of clay fashioned from powder, to which the bones had been reduced by fire. About 2in. long and 1½ in. wide, this clay bears an inscription round it.

TO-DAY'S LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR EVERTON.



Mr. Hanbury Aggs driving a motor-car. Although Liberal candidate for to-day's election at Everton, he until recently was a member of the Junior Constitutional Club. This anomaly, he explains, was by reason of the Conservative institution having "the best beds in London."

Born with six legs, a lamb belonging to Mr. John Dullam, of Hele Farm, Barnstable, is thriving.

Three rare specimens of Waterloo medals and a silver cross for services in the Peninsula at Vimiera, Corunna, and Busaco will be offered for sale in London this week.

Week-end invasions by tramps are resented by Darwin residents. The magistrates have accordingly resorted to the expedient of sending offenders to prison for not less than fourteen days in future.

Sparks ignited a bird's nest under the eaves at Epworth College, Dysarth-road, Rhyl, and caused an outbreak of fire. For some weeks the scholars had been training in fire-brigade work, and they were able to render good service.

Waste plaster moulds are to be converted into plaster of Paris, centre pieces for ceilings, etc., by a new process to be tried at the old potteries at Foulker, Ruabon. Non-conducting boiler composition will also be made from the refuse.

Hidden under several coats of paint, some valuable old oak panels, beautifully carved, have just been brought to light in an ancient house in Bolland's-court, Chester. Several old documents, one dated 1659, and a diary written by a lady were also found.

An enterprising vagrant has made his appearance at Dukinfield, Lancashire. In his possession were a pair of powerful reading-glasses, a map of the country, a well-kept diary, a money-box, containing about 2s. in copper, and a ticket for a bed at a model lodging-house. He was fined for begging.

Shut off by gates, and retaining its rural aspect, although close to the busiest part of Southampton, "The Elms" Estate of 6½ acres has been sold for £7,550 in London.

Suffering from fish-poisoning, a sailor named Doughty is detained in the Derby Royal Infirmary. He said he had been eating mussels all the way from Grimsby, and was bound for Liverpool.

An overwhelming desire to be arrested led a man to present himself repeatedly at the Southport Police Station. At the fourth time of asking he was locked up, and the sequel was a fine of 10s.

No. 1 Coal Depot, the largest floating coal store in the world, has arrived at Portsmouth. It is claimed that she can discharge coal at the rate of 600 tons an hour to vessels on either side. Her capacity is 12,000 tons.

Eleven colliers in a cage were suspended in the shaft of a pit at Clay Cross Colliery, Derbyshire, through a mishap to the winding engine. Warm flannel jackets were lowered down to the men, also tea and coffee, pending the arrival of relief.

A leg hanging out of the window of a Manchester jeweller's establishment roused the curiosity of a constable. The owner of the limb, a man named Godfrey, said he had mistaken the premises for an unoccupied warehouse, and had gone there to sleep.

In County Antrim an interesting find of subterranean dwellings of primitive man has been made. This lends probability to the theory regarding the presence at one time in that part of Ireland of a race which occupied a great part of the European continent before the appearance of the earliest Celt.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs In To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

FEAT OF ENGINEERING.

On page 9 we give a photograph of the new bridge at Vauxhall showing the first span, which has just been placed in position.

The span is a huge mass of metal 150ft. long, and of prodigious weight, which for some weeks past has been lying on floats opposite the Tate Gallery, while smiths, riveters, and engineers worked day and night completing it.

When everything was ready it was floated on the top of high tide into place between the piers on which it now rests, and with extreme care edged inch by inch into an exactly correct position. Then the ebbing of the tide slowly lowered it on to its supports.

RODIN IN LONDON.

We give on page 8 an excellent portrait of M. Auguste Rodin, the famous sculptor, who is in London for the opening of the Whistler Exhibition to-day. Our photograph shows M. Rodin in conversation with Mr. John Tweed, the English sculptor, who is perhaps best known as responsible for the Rhodes memorial at Bulawayo.

M. Rodin, who only comparatively recently obtained the recognition that has made his name famous all over the world, is a thorough Bohemian, and the striking originality of his work, which for a long time was put down as mere eccentricity, finds its counterpart in his utter disregard for many of the meaningless conventions of social intercourse.

He is president of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, one of the highest distinctions in these days open to an artist, and is, by the way, a keen admirer of British art.

OVERWORKED BISHOPS.

The sittings of the Houses of Convocation at the Church House, Westminster, have been made more than usually interesting by the remarks made by Dr. Randall Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, which seemed to imply that bishops are overworked.

Dr. Davidson, who was caught by our photographer, as appears on page 8, as he was leaving the Church House, is certainly qualified by experience to speak on the point, for he held in succession the bishoprics of Rochester and Winchester before he was raised to the Primacy.

It is evident the old idea that a bishop's life was one of luxury and leisure is no longer a true one. The world moves faster every day, and it appears that bishops, like everyone else, have to try to keep pace with the times. Really, it seems that the lot of a bishop is a hard one; only recently the Bishop of London was bemoaning the fact that his income of £10,000 a year was not sufficient to "make both ends meet," and now comes the plaint that too much work is not a less trouble than too little income.

TO SUCCEED KUROPATKIN.

The persistent rumours of dissensions among the Russian generals in Manchuria are clearly not without foundation.

General Gripenberg's sudden return to St. Petersburg, after the disastrous repulse of the forces he led against the Japanese on the Sha-ho, was sufficient to show a general disagreement, and it is therefore probable the statement that a new commander-in-chief is to be appointed may be correct.

General Grodekoff, whose portrait will be found on page 9, is the officer designated as Kuropatkin's successor. He is a soldier of high reputation, and has the advantage of knowing Manchuria well, but no one will envy him the task he will be set to perform if he undertakes the direction of affairs in the Far East.

SINGER WHO REFUSED £5,000.

One has heard of an organ-player being offered a penny to go away, but an offer of £5,000 to a singer on condition that she refrains from singing is a sufficiently unique occurrence.

This was the sum offered to Miss Allys Bateman, whose portrait is on page 9, by a relative if she would give up her intention of becoming a public singer. The talented young lady refused the offer, and it is not likely that she will regret her decision, for she has already won a large measure of success. Miss Bateman, who sang at Bechstein Hall yesterday to an appreciative audience, has a fine voice, and can reach the upper E, as high a note as is compassed either by Mme. Melba or Mme. Patti.

* * * Many thousands of Britons abroad who now regularly receive the Overseas "Daily Mail" are delighted with this weekly budget of news from home.

A postal order for 5s. will ensure the dispatch of the journal for 52 weeks to any postal address in the world.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1905.

GETTING RID OF SERVANTS.

MUCH attention has been attracted by the theory of an American lecturer on the servant problem that the time is coming when we shall want no servants in our houses. "All our food will be brought to us from public kitchens. The kitchen at home will be no more needed. Dirt and dust will vanish. Servants will be no more required."

That is rather a sketchy view of the matter, for servants are not only employed to cook, and dirt does not come only from the kitchen. Many other novelties would have to be introduced besides common kitchens before the help of servants could be entirely dispensed with. And these novelties are, as we point out in an article on another page, matters for the builders of our houses to consider.

It is to the builder we must appeal if we want our homes to be kept clean and comfortable without so much manual labour as they demand at present. All sorts of labour-saving appliances might be used. Housework could be reduced by two-thirds. What a medieval arrangement it is for water to be carried about from floor to floor. It ought to be laid on in every room. Nothing heavy ought to be taken upstairs by hand; it ought to go by lift.

For our own part, we are not so desperately anxious to "get rid of servants." The relation between the various members of a household may be, and very often is, quite a pleasant one. But to those who yearn for the day when they will need to depend on domestic assistance no longer we would give this advice. Organise an exhibition of labour-saving "novelties." Fit up a model house after the plan suggested by the ingenious Mr. H. G. Wells in "A Modern Utopia." Show people how much time and trouble could be saved by building sensibly instead of conventionally.

Even if the new kind of dwelling did not enable us to have our houses "entirely to ourselves," it would make life a good deal pleasanter, both for our servants and for ourselves.

MORALITY BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

In two of the March magazines which are just appearing there are two articles of particularly instructive interest. In one Lord Durham urges that tipsters' advertisements should be forbidden by Act of Parliament, and that the law should sweep away the whole race of tipsters who trade upon the folly of a small section of the public.

In the other article Sir Edward Fry deplores the "prevalence of gifts by purchasers to the agents of sellers and by sellers to the agents of buyers"; in other words, secret commissions—or, to put it more shortly, bribes.

Now the humour of the situation is that a law was actually passed not long ago to make these bribes illegal. Has it achieved its object, which was to put a stop to them? Evidently not. Sir Edward Fry is still lamenting their prevalence.

Is there any reason to suppose that a law against tipsters and their advertisements would have a greater effect than the Secret Commission's Act? So far as we can see, none at all.

Public opinion is what needs reforming, not the law. Make people see that betting is a stupid way of wasting money, and that bribes are neither offered nor taken by decent people. That is the way to go to work. Acts of Parliament will do no good.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Forgive your neighbour's faults readily. Pardon your own grudgingly.—*Cato*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the great social and artistic function is the opening of the Whistler exhibition at the New Gallery by M. Rodin, who has, however, already attended a kind of preliminary ceremony, or private view of the pictures. It is extraordinary to think what an interest is being excited by this exhibition, when one remembers the abuse and ridicule to which poor Whistler was a victim during his lifetime. Ruskin, the art critic, whose judgments nobody dared dispute for many years, dismissed the poor Butterfly (as Whistler called and signed himself), by saying that he was a "coxcomb who threw a pot of paint in the public's face."

That was more than Whistler could endure. So he brought an action for libel against the great

man. It was a most amusing case. I remember watching Whistler stand gravely and sadly in the witness-box, seeing his masterpieces being displayed in court for the criticism of twelve Philistine jurymen, who were amazed at these "Nocturnes in Black," "Symphonies in White Major," and other vague and misty evocations of town and landscape. Finally, Whistler lost his action, and had to pay a farthing damages for bringing it.

He was a man who made innumerable enemies, because he was extraordinarily sensitive, and wished to be treated like a monarch, and never understood that artists will never be so treated until long after they are dead. He resented actions which, to most men, would appear perfectly normal. Thus, when he was presented with a medal (which he considered an insignificant gift) at a certain art

dinner, he rose and said: "Allow me to return my twopenny-halfpenny thanks for this twopenny-halfpenny medal." He was once handed a cheque in an envelope by the valet of one of his patrons, and returned it to the man, after turning it over contemptuously in the tongs, which he picked up from the grate. He was not appeased until the cheque was handed to him on a magnificent silver salver.

One of the most interesting men alive to talk to is Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, who celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday yesterday. He has been everywhere, and known all the celebrities of the past half-century. He is a witty man, too, who can be amusing without drawing upon this wonderful experience of his. Once, at a Colchester oyster feast, when he was called upon suddenly to speak, he said, very gravely: "I can only repeat what Daniel is reported to have said as he entered the lions' den—'I don't know who's to do the after-dinner speaking, but I'm sure it won't be me.'"

As Governor of Madras Sir Mountstuart seems to have made an immense impression of authority and power. A native suppliant addressed a letter to him thus: "The Almighty God, care of the Right Honourable Mountstuart Grant Duff, Governor of Madras." Irish stories Sir Mountstuart has in abundance, for he has known hundreds of amusing Irishmen. Lord Aberdare told him once about an Irishman who wanted to be very hospitable, and said to his friends in a speech: "I trust that if any of you comes within a mile of me, he will stay there a week."

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has just arrived at Mentone from the oppressively dull atmosphere of Berlin, is a very Parisian prince, who likes to get away to France as often as possible. This taste for France is not unusual in one who is descended from a long line of French kings. He was lunching one day, during his visit to the French Exhibition, with a large party. After lunch one of the ladies there said, by way of compliment: "Let us all go and pay a visit to the Pavilion of Bulgaria, Monseigneur." "Great Heavens, no," said the Prince; "I have more than enough of that sort of thing in Bulgaria itself."

In fact, all eight-seen bores the Prince quite dreadfully. He once went in the spirit of duty to see the tomb of his uncle, the Prince de Joinville, at Eu, near Paris. He arrived at the mortuary chapel with his Grand Chamberlain. The door was locked. It was explained by one of the onlookers that the priest was away, and had taken the keys for him. Should they be sent for? No, no, they don't trouble," said the Prince, immensely relieved; "let us go and get some lunch." Which they did, without any more thought of dead uncles.

Miss Annie Hughes, who has a small but effective part in the new play at the Avenue, has an ambition to appear some day in a play written by her husband, Mr. Edmund Maurice. So far he has only made one public attempt to win fame as a playwright. Long ago he wrote a play, the action of which passed in a country village. The hero was the village idiot, who happened also to be a hunchback. This rather unattractive person was stabbed in the hump by the villain in the third act.

But instead of causing him to come to an immediate and unregretted end, this blow had a singularly salutary effect upon the idiot's spine, and in the last act he appeared as a straight and stalwart man. The end of the history of the idiot, and of Mr. Maurice's attempt to play the part, is well worth telling. In the last act the idiot was to perish nobly in a burning house. Unfortunately the mechanism of the conflagration went wrong; the house fell down upon Mr. Maurice as the idiot; and he was removed at once to the hospital, where he remained, very ill indeed, for six weeks. Since then he has written no more plays.

Most people have a difficulty in earning £5,000, even by many years of hard work. Few can ever get the chance of making that sum merely by abstaining from work. That, however, was the amount which Miss Alys Bateman, the young soprano, who was giving a concert at Finsbury last evening, voluntarily surrendered to be a singer. A near relative was anxious that she should not devote her beautiful voice to the service of the public, and he offered her £5,000 never to sing except in private. She refused the offer, and her success during the two years or so which have elapsed since her debut has amply justified her decision.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 21.—It looks as though we were in for another spell of cold weather. What with snow, sleet, and strong northerly gales, life in the garden is anything but pleasant. Winter's return will check the premature growth of many plants, which otherwise might have appeared above ground too soon.

In spite of wild weather crocuses are fearlessly coming out. It will, however, be the middle of next month when their beauty is at its height. While the snowdrops are still with us, it may be interesting to mention that they thrive better in the shade than in the sun. In sheltered nooks they remain in flower a long time, growing very tall. E. F. T.

SAILORS MUST WEAR A TIGHTER UNIFORM.



The Admiralty have decided that Jack Tar's loose clothes are dangerous in view of all the machinery on board ship. They are therefore considering designs for a new "smart, tight-fitting uniform" for sailors.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

The Earl of Dudley.

EVERYONE is sorry, except the violent Orangemen, that he should have got himself into trouble over the plan for a "sort of Home Rule," and that the Government should not have given him firm support.

Apart from being one of the best of good fellows, he is one of the best Viceroy's Ireland has ever had. He is exceedingly popular with all classes. He takes no very prominent part in politics. His character and temperament are just such as appeal to the sport-loving, fun-loving, home-loving Irish people.

He likes sports he can take part in himself. He does not care much for racing, but golf and polo and yachting are all favourites with him. Furthermore, though he walks through state ceremonies with dignity and handsome bearing, he does not really set much store by them.

He is really happiest in his home. He married his wife for love, and he is as devoted to her now as on the day of their wedding. Lady Dudley was the daughter of a famous banker who had come to grief. She was keeping a hat-shop when he met her first. Then she was adopted by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who parted with her to the young Lord Dudley in 1891.

He is a very rich man. His income is between £300 and £400 a day. But he makes very little show of wealth. Even when he came into the title and the fortune as a young man not yet twenty he showed no inclination to spend money wildly. All his life he has been a clean-living, straightforward, pleasant-mannered English gentleman. Would there were more peers like him!

CHILDREN'S ANSWERS.

From a Book Just Published Under This Title by J. H. Burn (Treharne, 2s.).

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie.

"Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed, as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail!"

Little Girl: Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?

Veteran's Little Girl: Yes.

Little Girl: Where's his other one?

Veteran's Little Girl: It's in heaven.

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four): Put your tongue out, dear.

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor: No, no, put it right out.

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"I can't, doctor, it's fastened on to me."

Polly was drawing pictures on the slate for three-year-old Ralph.

"Look at this dog, Ralph," she said. "Isn't it nice? I drew it out of my own head."

"Oh, no," answered Ralph solemnly. "It came right out of the pencil. I saw it come."

Then he added, with an air of deep thoughtfulness: "There's lots of dogs in the pencil, but I don't know how they got there!"

TODAY'S NEWS ILLUSTRATED.

THE PARLIAMENT OF THE CHURCH.



The Archbishop of Canterbury (the figure in the foreground) leaving Church House, Westminster, after attending the sitting of the Upper House of Convocation. Just behind the Archbishop is Dr. Talbot, the Bishop of Rochester. At their last sittings the members of both Houses of Convocation for the Province of Canterbury discussed the need of having more Bishops to cope with the increasing church work of the country.



Right Rev. Dr. Hoskyns, Bishop of Southwell, arriving at Church House to attend the Convocation. His Lordship is seen on the right.

OPENING OF THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW YESTERDAY.



View of the Agricultural Hall at the opening of the Shire Horse Show yesterday, showing some of the exhibits. His Majesty the King has five entries. — (Daily Mirror copyright.)

FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE



The funeral procession of the unfortunate men who were killed in the explosion on board the Queenstown. The coffins were conveyed from Haulbowline by naval launches to Queenstown. The boys from his Majesty's ships in the harbour were in waiting. The procession, by road, led from the town to Queenstown Cemetery, where the bodies were interred.

WORLD'S GREATEST SCULPTOR



M. Auguste Rodin, the famous French sculptor, who will open the Whistler Memorial on the carriage-door, is seen in the photograph conversing with Mr. John Tweed, the architect of the memorial for Bulawayo.

PICTURES · FROM · ALL · PARTS ·

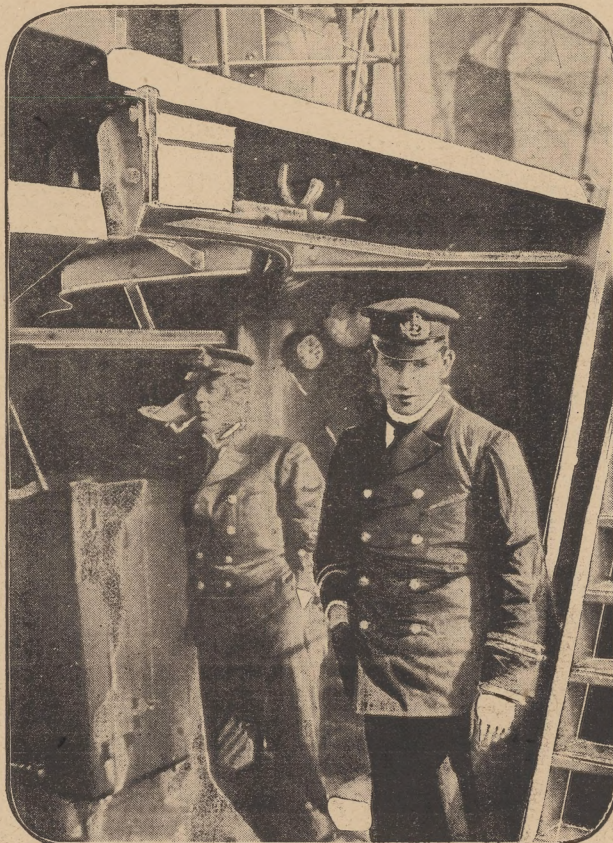


FINE EXPLOSION.



submarine A5 passing through the streets of London, where all the available officers, men, and women passed through the principal thoroughfares (Daily Mirror copyright.)

HERO OF THE A5.



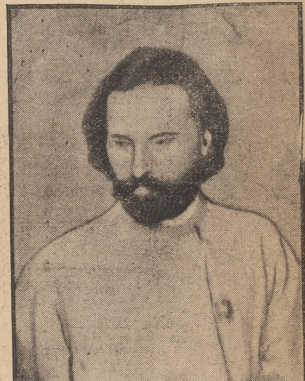
Engineer Lieutenant Aldwell, the officer on the right, who gallantly risked his life to save Lieutenant Good at the explosion on board the submarine A5. Lieutenant Aldwell had a very narrow escape himself. (Daily Mirror copyright.)

SUCCEEDS KUROPATKIN



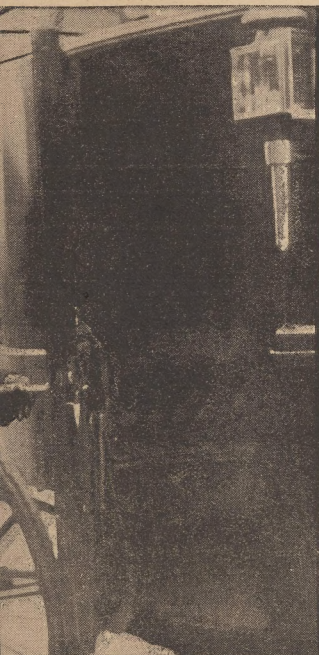
General Grodekoff, who, it is said, will succeed General Kuropatkin as Commander-in-Chief in the Far East.

FATHER GAPON IN PARIS.



Father Gapon, leader of the events of Red Sunday in St. Petersburg, who has succeeded in reaching Paris.

LONDON.



sculptor to-day. M. Rodin, who has his hand known sculptor, who executed the Rhodes

£5,000 TO STOP SINGING.



Miss Alys Bateman, the well-known singer, who gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall last evening. She has refused £5,000 offered her by a relative if she would refrain from singing in public.

LONDON'S NEWEST BRIDGE—FIRST SPAN IN POSITION.



The new Vauxhall Bridge, as it now looks, showing the first span, which is 150ft. long and weighs 300 tons, placed in position.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

ew Rules for Keeping Them Out of the Streets at Night.

HOME OFFICE SLOWNESS.

London Will Enforce the Law Without Waiting for Home Secretary's Sanction.

"No flower-girls under the age of sixteen." That was the London County Council proposes, and, unless the Home Office interferes, that will be the law of London in a very short time.

The new rule is one of those drawn up by the council under the Act which came into operation last year for the "Regulation of the Employment of Children of School Age." Many people thought, when that measure was passed, that child labour had been abolished altogether, and they wonder now how it is they still see children at work in various occupations and trades.

This, of course, was a misapprehension. The Act never aimed at doing away with all employments for children. Parliament recognised that the conditions and the nature of the several industries in which children are employed vary very greatly according to locality and according to season, and also vary in their effect upon the physique of the child—as being indoor or outdoor, factory or domestic, for example.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN HEARD.

It was obvious, therefore, that a uniform regulation of child labour throughout the country would inflict the very maximum of hardship on many parents and employers, and of interference with many legal industries (such as the eating and fruit-picking for the towns), with a very inadequate degree of protection to the little labourers in other places.

Consequently, the statutory provisions of the Act, which applied everywhere, and which were the only ones to come into force on January 1, 1904, were few and simple. The chief of them were:

- (a) No child (that is, a person under fourteen years) shall be employed between the hours of nine at night and six in the morning, save by special provision of the local authority.
- (b) No child, under the age of eleven shall be employed in street trading.
- (c) No "half-timer" under the Factory Act shall be employed in any other occupation.
- (d) No "child" shall be employed to lift or carry weights sufficiently heavy to injure it.
- (e) No "child" shall be employed in any calling likely to be injurious to his or her physical condition.
- (f) A doctor's certificate warning of injury likely to accrue to a "child" from its employment will be admissible as "evidence" subsequently.

Beyond these points, local authorities were authorised to make further by-laws, submitting them to the Home Office for sanction.

In the main, the local authorities have shown themselves very much alive to this. But they find a long matter to get the Home Office to sanction their schemes.

For instance, the London County Council sub-

mitted proposals for the regulation of child labour. They have been passing to and fro between Spring Gardens and Whitehall ever since. At last the Council has lost patience, and now intends to put its proposals into force, and leave the Home Office, if it likes, to call an "inquiry" into their working—this being the prescribed course when the Home Office and the local authority cannot bring their "views wholly into accord."

The chief alterations in the law, so far as London is concerned, will be these:—

- No child under eleven to be employed at all.
- No child under twelve to be employed within doors (with exceptions).
- No child under fourteen to be employed for more than three hours on Sunday.
- No child under fourteen to be employed in any licensed premises, nor in any laundry, nor under barbers or hairdressers.

School-children only to be employed in summer between 6 and 8.30 in the morning and 5 and 8 in the evening; in winter between 7 and 8.30 in the morning and 6 and 7 in the evening.

No "person under sixteen" to be employed in street-trading between 9 in the evening and 6 in the morning. No girls under sixteen to be employed in street-trading unless accompanied by her parent. (Under this by-law the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women has offered its co-operation to the L.C.C. for the finding of proper employment for girls so engaged at present. The offer has been accepted, and the L.C.C. propose that this by-law shall not come into operation until six months after confirmation, to prevent possible hardship.)

No person under sixteen to be engaged in street-trading at any time without the Council's badge displayed conspicuously on the left arm. Persons so licensed may be employed until 9 instead of 6.

In another article we shall shortly show what trades and occupations are likely to be most affected by these new rules.

ROYAL COMPOSERS.

Kings and Queens Who Write Songs, Marches, and Anthems.

In no art have royalties dabbled so much as in music. Only a few days ago the Khedive of Egypt had a waltz of his own composition played at the Court ball, and everybody declared that it was the best waltz they had ever heard.

A big firm of music-publishers has just issued a list of the musical works by royalties which they have printed, and from this goodly list it seems that for the last hundred years these royal effusions have poured forth.

Among present-day royal musicians Princess Henry of Battenberg is well known. A sprightly march written by her was a good deal played by the L.C.C. bands in the Embankment Gardens a season or two back, and last year, too, a song by her was sung by Mme. Ella Russell.

The Kaiser, of course, has produced several musical works. His part songs recently written for the Berlin choral societies embodied his theories for the return to a simple style of music.

The Tsar of Russia wrote a Christmas anthem a year or two back, and the Grand Duke Constantine has also produced a few works. Not long ago, when Vescey, the prodigy violinist, visited St. Petersburg, he played one of the Duke's pieces for violin and piano at the Palace, the royal composer himself playing the accompaniment.

Interesting Topics of the Day Discussed by Our Readers.

SERVANTS AND WEEK-ENDS.

It seems to be thought that servants would benefit by the stricter observance of Sunday and the lesser frequency of week-end parties, which the agitation of this summer is to aim at.

My servants, I feel sure, would not stay with me unless I had lots of people staying here often. They value their "tips" too much. And when can I have people to stay except from Saturday to Monday, while the House is sitting?

AN M.P.'S WIFE.

THE NELSON TEA CANAL.

Day after day I read about "Nelson's Pension Tea widows." Scarcely a word is said of the poor wives—with sick husbands—some of them who have struggled to pay this insurance and been defrauded of their money.

If a widow has been receiving a pension of 10s. a week, even for a few months, she has certainly had some of her own back. The wives have lost their money absolutely; they have got nothing for it.

R. W.

"BOARD SCHOOL IDIOTS."

What do the Board schools do to boys to make them so extraordinarily stupid? I have tried twelve office-boys during the past few months. Only one had a gleam of intelligence—and he stole my stamps.

I asked the latest where he had been employed before. All I could get out of him was, "I used to run round to Finsbury Park." Our system of education seems to me the coming absurdity of a ridiculous age.

R. M. HOLT.

MISSIONERS AND THEATRES.

I should say the theatrical "slump" is very likely caused by the work being done by the missionaries. Men and women to-day are seeking reality. Is it strange, then, that they should turn from things which are interesting and amusing to things that are real?

On Sunday evening I heard Dr. Torrey give an address on "God," during which he said that what the newspapers had said about him was perfectly true. He was not a great preacher, neither was he an attractive man. It was not he who attracted the crowds, but "God."

J. BLACKLEY.

Edgware-road.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY IN IRELAND.


In a recent issue of the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. John J. Smyth, an Irish correspondent, argues that Home Rule would mean a "bloody revolution," that Protestant Ireland would never be ruled by Papist Ireland.

I ask Mr. Smyth if such language will win the sympathies of right-minded observers. Home Rule for Ireland is in no sense a question between Protestants and Catholics. It is a question to be judged on its own merits, and the only semblance of a reason for regarding it as a matter of religious opinion is that the majority of Irish people are Roman Catholics.

But I certainly fail to see that Ireland should on that account be denied a legislative power which would probably be readily conceded if the majority were Protestants.

WILLIAM J. REED.

High-street, Totton, Hants.



CATESBYS' CORK LINO.

RECKON UP how much floors covered with oilcloth have cost you. Besides the original cost, there's a time wasted—oilcloth needs such a lot of cleaning, and there's brushes and soap. Then there is the wife's strength stolen, and probably she's made ill by the labour without knowing exactly the cause. In that case, there's the doctor, medicine, and extra nutriment. Moreover, the pattern is soon worn off oilcloth, and it also enables dirt to find refuge in the room to the detriment of other things. The best plan is to cover the floors with CATESBYS' CORK LINO—it needs no scrubbing, and lasts three times as long as other floor coverings and costs less.

Samples and Booklet free; and you can buy on Easy Terms or secure 2s. in the £ discount for cash. 25 yds. of CATESBYS' CORK LINO for 15s. 9d. Other sizes and prices in proportion. Carriage paid to your door.

CATESBY & SONS,
THE HOME OF CORK LINO.
(Dept. W.) 64-67, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.
(Mention this paper.)

PHONOGRAPHS FOR NOTHING!!

As an advertisement we are prepared to give, ABSOLUTELY FREE, an "IMPERIAL" PHONOGRAPH (one of the best machines in the market, loud and distinct in tone, massive and strong in construction, and elegantly finished) to every person who purchases from us 12 selected Gold-Moulded Records for 12s. 9d. (retail price 1s. 6d. each). This is a Thoroughly Genuine Offer, and will not be repeated when we have cleared our present stock. Send 12s. 9d. to:

MORTON BROS. (Dept. S.),
10, HIGHBURY PLACE, LONDON, N.,
and the Phonograph and 12 Records WILL BE SENT YOU BY RETURN. Get our Catalogue, which gives particulars of this Offer.

6d. Gold Moulded 6d.

Phonograph Records.
LOUD AND CLEAR.
Sample, post free.

AGENTS WANTED. **6d.** AGENTS WANTED.

The Consolidated Record Mfg. Co.
DEPT. A.
76, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

6d. each. Send for List free. 6d. each.

Eye-Strain

Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 800 years' reputation. Sampled ancient pedlar pots for 2d. by all Chemists & Stores.

To Asthma

Instant relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough, by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists. Throat Lozenges, Teatime of change. Send for free sample of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. CLARK, Wholesale Druggist, Finsbury Lane, London, E. For Free Sample, kindly mention this paper.

Sufferers

J.P. Those suffering from weaknesses which destroy the pleasures of life should take Juvén Pills. One box will tell a story of marvellous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent post-paid in plain package only on receipt of this adv. and 4s. 6d. C. Hood & Co., Ltd., Proprietors, Hood's Sarsaparilla, Dept. 32, 34, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH MOSKEN.

CHAPTER XL.

One moment in Annihilation's waste.
One moment of the Well of Life to taste—
The stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—oh, make haste!
Omar Khayyam.

Anthony Heron saw Joan Tempest as soon as he entered the drawing-room at Perivale before dinner on the night of his arrival. There were forty people in the room, but they all faded into nothingness, as if they had been fashioned out of mist, and left the lofty white and gold room empty but for that tall, slim, serious girl in white talking to Billy Charteris at the far end of it.

Never had Tony Heron expected anything less in all his life, never had anything so profoundly moved him, never had he known such a sudden overwhelming, tumultuous joy, that seemed to make his heart stop beating and to raise up a blurred mist before his eyes, so that he could hardly see his way to the place where his hostess stood, when he went up to greet her.

He could get no word with his Princess Blue Eyes. He had her in a slight mist before him, and he was very late; indeed, he had kept the whole company waiting a few minutes.

Immediately he arrived they moved in to dinner. He had to give his arm to his hostess, and Joan was taken in by Billy, and it happened that she sat at the far end of the table, where the flowers hid her almost completely from his sight.

But when she had been seated in the room, in the sudden silence that followed the announcement

of his name—a silence due partly to the force of his personality and partly to the fact that they were all waiting for him—his eyes, which had been drawn to her magnetically first of all, as the only object in the room on which he desired to look, had compelled her to raise hers, and to meet his gaze, and across the whole length of the room he saw her face and thrilled to see it, white as death, with her great eyes dilated, fearful, but blazing with a fierce, unconquerable joy.

During dinner, although he entertained both his hostess and his other neighbour—a youthful peeress in her own right, who was extremely plain, but enormously wealthy and devoted to sport—and neither of them found anything lacking in the well-known dinner, his thoughts were never for a single moment detached from the girl at the other end of the table, whom he could not see.

He could not make the position out at all. Although he quite saw why Lady Betty had wanted him to come to Perivale, and was inclined to be angry with her for trying to keep him in the dark, he could not for the life of him see why she had been so secretive about it. Knowing that she was always absolutely frank with him, why, if she knew that Joan Tempest was staying at Perivale, had she not told him the truth? That was what he would have expected of her, that she would tell him and implore him not to go, and, if he persisted in going, that she would have come, she had been so secretive about it. Who would most certainly have hurried her daughter as far out of his reach as she possibly could.

But where was the girl's mother? Tony saw at a glance that she was not among the guests. Vanna's personality was one that could not be overlooked for a moment. It appeared that the girl was staying in the house alone.

He was dumfounded. He had not had the faintest idea that they were in England. The

thought of seeing her again had been as far from him as the thought of death. Even to his world-hardened and materialistic mind, to find her here was like a miracle, and he could have fallen on his knees and blessed the power that had brought this incredible thing to pass.

The blood ran through his veins like a flame. His heart beat like a boy's when he is first touched and glorified by the passion of love; once he heard her clear ringing voice above all the other people's and he could have shouted with joy.

But still he could not understand. One possibility did occur to him—that Lady Betty had relented of her attitude and come round to his side, and, when she had heard that he was going to Perivale, after the first shock, had said nothing more, and that she had decided that they should meet. But it did not seem probable. If she had come to think differently about it, she would have said so. In all the years he had known her she had never hesitated to speak her mind. Besides, she had been firmer, more decided than ever.

Tony was impatient of this mystery. He chafed at the length of the dinner; every moment was an age that must elapse before he could take the solid hand of his Blue Eyes in his, and look into her wonderful eyes, and tell her that she had been in his thoughts every moment of the endless time since they had parted.

But he was not to have to wait for the explanation of her presence at Perivale, for Mrs. Gramplan, towards the end of dinner, mentioned the subject herself, and let in a flood of light upon his darkness.

"I've got such a charming girl staying here, Mr. Heron," she said in a low, confidential voice. "I am awfully proud of myself for discovering her. Billy knew her in Paris."

Tony frowned; but he said carelessly:—

(Continued on page 11.)

HOUSES THAT COULD BE RUN WITHOUT SERVANTS.

A Question for Builders and Architects to Consider.

NO FIRES OR WINDOWS.

Turn a Handle and Your Bed Will Be Automatically "Stripped" or "Made"!

Mrs. Perkins Gilman, who has been lecturing the members of the Women's Institute on the abolition of the servant, should have lectured the architects and builders of London.

No woman employs a servant because she wants to keep a "slave" or maintain the "feudal system," or for any other reason in the world than the very natural one that the servant is necessary to her comfort and convenience and the health of her home.

When the builders of cities are able to provide satisfactory substitutes for the kitchen and the cook, the housemaid and the parlourmaid, the nurse and the nursery-maid, the servant problem and the servant will disappear simultaneously.

HAPPY, THOUGH SERVANTLESS.

"Mrs. Perkins Gilman believes that the day of the model servantless home is coming.

"We are going to live in the future," she says, "that our food will be brought to us ready prepared, well cooked by competent professionals, instead of by the most ignorant class of the community."

Life, according to Mrs. Gilman, will become more bearable when our houses are cleaned by "skilled cleaners," and our children entrusted to "educated and capable people."

But it is not the members of the Women's Institute who are going to bring about this revolution. If anybody does it, it will be the architects and builders.

Mr. H. G. Wells has shown in his modern Utopia that the reformation must begin in the house.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MILLENNIUM.

"There will be a large multitude of gracious little houses, clustering in college-like groups, no doubt about their common kitchens and halls," writes Mr. Wells.

Inside, these "gracious" houses must have "beautifully proportioned" rooms, in which there will be no fireplace, but a thermometer, beside six switches on the wall. "One switch warms the floor, one warms the mattress, and the others warm the walls. The casement 'does not open,' but a fan pumps air out of the room, and fresh air enters by a shaft. The room has no corners to gather dirt, wall meets floor with a gentle curve. 'You are

politely requested to turn a handle at the foot of your bed before leaving the room, and forthwith the frame turns up in a vertical position, and the bed-clothes hang a-ding."

Where is the builder who will do this for us at the price we pay for our suburban £40 houses and our London £80 flats, plus the cost of the keep of one servant?

When we find him, Mrs. Gilman's millennium may be at hand, and she will be able to abolish servants, but not before.

"EIGHT SHOWS A DAY."

Amusing Skit on the "Daily Mirror" Week at the Lyceum.

(From to-day's "Punch.")

"We have it on the worst authority that the proprietors of the 'Times,' one of the best of the three-penny dailies, have made arrangements to take over the control of the Coliseum for one week. In order that the greatest possible number of persons may enjoy this unique opportunity, there will be eight performances every day, as follows:—

"3 a.m.—First Performance. For Editors, leader-writers, and journalists who have put their papers to bed. Free list entirely suspended.

"6 a.m.—Second Performance. For workmen. All seats half-price.

"9 a.m.—Third Performance. One hour only. For business men and stockbrokers.

"12 noon.—Fourth Performance. For people who don't want any lunch.

"3 p.m.—Fifth Performance. For bankers and Foreign Office clerks.

"6 p.m.—Sixth Performance. For people who don't want any dinner.

"9 p.m.—Seventh Performance. For people who haven't been able to get into any of the other places of amusement.

"12 midnight.—Eighth and Last Performance. For politicians, restaurateurs, publicans, barmen, Tube railway-men, and other workers who have been occupied all day.

"N.B.—As a further means of extending the seating capacities of the Coliseum a special reduction is offered to all those persons who do not mind other persons sitting on their laps, and also to those who do not mind sitting on other persons' laps."

A MARVELLOUS SWIM.

An Australian fisherman named Thomas August had just performed a feat which should place him in the front rank of candidates for the Channel swim.

Seventeen miles from Fremantle, West Australia, a whale destroyed his boat, and he was left with his companion Fraser struggling in the water.

August hastily collected the floating spars and timber and constructed a raft. On this he placed Fraser, who could not swim. Then August swam astern of the raft and pushed it to shore.

Certainly he ought to be invited to come over in the summer and try the Channel feat.

The latest society craze is the child. The child is courted, fêted, indulged; adored; it appears at social functions; it sits up till the small hours of the morning; it eats indigestible food; and it listens to conversations which it ought not to be able to digest either.—"Bystander."

"MR. HOPKINSON."

High and Low Both Satirised in
Mr. Carton's New Play.

MR. WELCH'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. Carton might have given his farce, produced at the Avenue Theatre last night, the alternative title of "The Snob's Progress." His plot shows us the rise, decline, and, finally, the fall of an unpleasant little tradesman to whom somebody is silly enough to leave a lot of money.

Mr. James Welch, as Mr. Hopkinson, is the tradesman. The fun is got out of the contrast—rather a cruel contrast—between this Cockney cad and bounder and the society which consists of dukes and duchesses and other "smart" people who drop their "g's" and play bridge.

The Duchess of Braceborough undertakes to get Mr. Hopkinson into this fool's paradise. Accordingly his money flows freely into the pockets of the smart set, and Mr. Hopkinson begins to shake himself free of his old surroundings.

But something of his past life remains. He cannot quite get away from Eliza Dibb (Miss Annie Hughes), who begins to be very disagreeable about certain promises which Mr. Hopkinson made to her in the days when she was not beneath him. Eliza is cajoled, and coaxed, and threatened. But she is persistent, and threatens Mr. Hopkinson with the law, and behaves in a horribly low-class manner.

Meanwhile Mr. Hopkinson has become engaged to the daughter of the Earl of Addleton (Mr. Henry Kemble), whose name is Lady Thyra Eggleston (Miss Ellen O'Malley).

NO WEDDING AFTER ALL.

Lady Thyra makes no pretence of caring for Mr. Hopkinson. She is going to marry him for his money. There is no nonsense about Lady Thyra! So Mr. Hopkinson buys Eliza off, and everything looks pleasant for him.

Unfortunately Lady Thyra becomes sentimental, not about him, but about a young man in her own set. Just before the wedding she suddenly bolts with the young man and leaves Mr. Hopkinson utterly disappointed.

It is a cynical, amusing play—without a shadow of sentiment or pathos in it—all written in the smart, rapid way which has become Mr. Carton's manner.

Mr. Welch is quaint, fantastical, and very funny as the Snob. The greatest successes, apart from his, were perhaps Miss Conynon's placid Duchess, who shows Mr. Hopkinson into society, and Mr. Kemble's comic old Earl. But the whole play is exceptionally well acted.

HATTERS' AND TAILORS' "BROWN DAY."

That there should be fashionable and unfashionable colours for men's clothes is now an accomplished fact, and the "Tailor and Cutter" is entering the arena. Hatters, it seems are appealing to their trade that on a fixed day—March 15—the windows should be filled with brown hats so as to impress the public with the fact that the brown hat is the fashionable wear.

The "Tailor and Cutter" wants the tailors to come into line with the great movement, and also fill their windows with brown cloths and garments on that day, so that that already "correct" colour may be forced upon us as the only possible one.

"And are they living in the neighbourhood?" Nobody watching him would have dreamed that all this was of vital import to the man.

"Yes, they are living at Little Brady. The house belongs to Lady Betty, by the way. She has lent it to them."

"I see," said Tony, noting also, by the way, that Lady Betty had lied to him from beginning to end.

"And where is Mrs. Tempest? I shall be delighted to renew my acquaintance with her."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed," said Mrs. Grampian. "Mrs. Tempest is in London, staying with Lady Betty. The girl was going, too; only I persuaded Mrs. Tempest to let her come to us. It was only yesterday I called, and I made up my mind at once that the house-party would be nothing without that lovely creature."

So Mrs. Grampian chattered on, but Tony paid no more heed to anything she said. He understood now, as plainly as if he could see into Lady Betty's mind. The sequence of events was perfectly clear.

Lady Betty had lent Mrs. Tempest a house, which happened to be near Perivale, which fact she had studiously kept from him. In fact, she had deliberately lied to him, for when he asked her where Vanna and her daughter were, she had said she did not know.

She had then heard that he was going to Perivale to shoot. She had nearly betrayed herself, but retained enough presence of mind to pass over the subject as if it were of no importance.

Then she had quietly set herself to prevent the possibility of his meeting the mother and daughter by inviting them to stay with her in Green-street, timing their visit to coincide with his visit to Perivale.

Her ruse would have worked admirably, had not Mrs. Grampian called on Mrs. Tempest the very day before she was due to leave for town, and

persuaded her to allow her daughter to stay at Perivale, where there was a house-party, including several young people. Vanna had consented, thinking it would be more lively and pleasant for the girl, and without dreaming that he was to be one of the guests, and she had not thought it worth while to write and tell Lady Betty that she was coming to London alone.

Therefore, now that Mrs. Tempest had arrived in London, Lady Betty was in possession of the scarcely reassuring knowledge not only that he was at Perivale, and Joan Tempest was at Little Brady, as she had feared would be the case, and skillfully manoeuvred to prevent, but that he and Joan Tempest were actually under the same roof.

His first impulse of anger at the deception practised on him by his friend faded into tolerant amusement. Poor Lady Betty! She must be having a very bad time. She always had thought that she was stronger than Fate.

But Fate had been kind to him, and had led him into the very presence of his Princess Blue Eyes, and to the very threshold of the place that was now her home. And he blessed Fate, and talked nonsense to the plain percer on his right, and wondered in a fever of impatience how much longer Mrs. Grampian was going to sit at the table delaying that wonderful and blessed and glorious moment when he and his Blue Eyes might stand face to face in some spot of the place that speak freely and unobserved, and he could prove to her triumphantly that nothing could keep them apart.

When the hostess at last gave the signal he sprang to the door. Never had women's footsteps seemed to him to drag so painfully, never had their absurd trains appeared so long as when they struck the green yards of delicate and gorgeous material between him and the tall white one gone alone among them all had any existence for him.

(Continued on page 13.)

"Read these instructive leaves,"—PORN.
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Mr. STEPHEN COOPER. (From a photo.)

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WITTAM FURNISHING CO.
231, Old Street, City Road, E.C.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

"If you mean Miss Tempest, Mrs. Grampian, I also had the honour of meeting her in Paris. I saw her when I came in just now."

"Oh!" exclaimed his hostess in mock despair. "Now you have robbed me of my sensation! That is too bad. Everybody who has seen her here is perfectly startled—she is so lovely. I want her mother to let me take her out next season. London would simply rave about her! And she is so delightfully simple and unaffected, a downright genuine ingenu— I thought the species had died out!"

"Mrs. and Miss Tempest are friends of Lady Betty Somerville," said Tony, rather briefly. Mrs. Grampian's tone jarred on him.

"So I hear," she replied, with a smile of humorous resignation. "Of course, if Lady Betty brings her out, I may as well take a back seat. Don't you think her a beautiful girl, Mr. Heron?"

"The most beautiful girl I have ever seen," he answered gravely.

"With you and Lady Betty to back her up, she would have a succès fou!" exclaimed Mrs. Grampian, who was very good-hearted, if rather frivolous and an inveterate matchmaker. "At any rate," she went on vigorously, "I shall never renounce my claim to having been the first person in England to see the crime of her wasting her sweetness on the desert air."

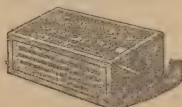
"In what particular desert did you discover Miss Tempest?" asked Tony, seeing his opportunity.

"Quite close by. When I arrived, Billy was particularly anxious I should call on some friends of his. I found this perfectly lovely creature—her mother is a most beautiful woman, too, but a more ordinary type, a thorough woman of the world. She looks a Parisienne to her finger-tips."



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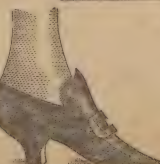
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WHITE WEAR HINTS—PRETTY DRESSING JACKETS OF SNOWY PURITY.

A WHITE YEAR.

COLOURED LINGERIE PLACED IN THE SHADE.

Several of the shops are now revelling in the most popular form of between seasons sale there is, that devoted to white wear in general and lingerie in particular. Windows decked out with the daintiest possible garments presented a scene of snowy purity and make the fact perfectly obvious that coloured lingerie is now a fancy of the past.

As usual, fashion is carrying this idea to the utmost possible limits, and instead of coloured petticoats pure white cambric ones are to be the rule, inset with as much lace as the purse can afford. The favourite laces are broderie Anglaise, which can scarcely be called a lace, but is a near relation to the large lace family—Valenciennes, Cluny, torchon, and imitation point d'Alecon.

Sometimes just a suspicion of colour is permitted to a petticoat, which only serves to throw into high relief its absolute whiteness. It consists of a threading of broad ribbon through an insertion of lace, and is being employed to decorate a deep flounce upon a japon.

Coloured Batiste Bands.

The same slight decoration of colour is noticeable on some of the new nightdresses, the frills of which are bound with a band of coloured batiste. The daintiest possible shades are employed and comprise pale blue, pale pink, and a very delicate and becoming mauve. These robes de nuit that are made to fasten invisibly down the left shoulder have deep yokes of lace both back and front, threaded through in some instances with baby ribbon, and in others outlined with ribbon of a broader width. The elbow sleeves are composed merely of flounces of lace tied round the shoulders with ribbon.

Dainty Rest Robes.

The fascination that delicate white lingerie always exercises over the feminine purchaser is extended to the departments devoted to dressing-jackets, for though these are not always materialised in cambric or batiste, white flannel or nun's veiling is chosen for them in preference to coloured fabrics.

In the sketch will be seen a trio of delightful little boudoir wraps. At the top is shown one embroidered in white silk, with wide sleeves slashed up and laticed with white ribbon. Below are two models. The one on the left is carried out in fine white flannel, with quaint epaulet sleeves and a white silk rope round the waist, and the other is made of nainsook, with a collar and sleeve flounces of embroidered muslin. Broad and narrow insertions of muslin, overlaid with medallion embroideries, are being sold now, not only for underwear but for the white lingerie shirts that are to be the smartest possible wear during the summer.

A BUTTON PARTY.

When invitations for this very novel form of entertainment are sent out the card of invitation that goes has a common bone button sewn to one corner of it with the words "Bring your thimble" written underneath it.

The guests, both men and women, are seated four at a table, the hostess giving each one a card with a number corresponding to the one on the tables, so that all can find their partners and tables in this way. Small pencils are, of course, attached

to each card, with which to keep the score. At table No. 1 there are fifteen large bone buttons for each person with thread and needles. On the other tables there are bowls in the centre filled with buttons. The person at the head table who sews-on his or her fifteen buttons first rings the bell and progresses with the one who has sewn on the next highest number, but not before she has pulled off the buttons ready for the new-comers.

The buttons must be sewn on as follows:—Make a knot in the thread, sew once into each hole, and fasten the thread enough to hold the button on. Break the thread each time. Every person reaching the head table sews on the fifteen buttons as the first did, the remaining people beginning over again and keeping the score. Those at the other tables sew on just as many buttons as possible while those at the head table are doing the requisite number. After fifteen progressions or gains the score cards are collected, and the one who has sewn on the greatest number of buttons gains a prize.

The dressing-jacket on the right is made of fine white flannel, embroidered with white silk, and is laced through the sleeves with white satin ribbon.

Below observe a design for a white nainsook coat, decorated with an embroidered collar and sleeve flounces, headed by threadings of ribbon.



A cross-over wrap like the one on the left, belted with a white silk cord, is eminently comfortable.

GENUINE DIAMONDS.

SIMPLE TESTS FOR REAL STONES.

Take a real diamond and an imitation one. Drop them in glasses of water, and you will find that the imitation will blend in colour with the water and become almost invisible, while the real one will be distinctly visible shining out white through the liquid. Dry and clean the two stones, and on the flat side of each put a tiny drop of water. On the real stone the drop will hold its globular form, and can be led about with a pin-point. The drop on the glass one will spread.

Study the two stones with a magnifying glass. The facets of the false one are even and regular, on the other they are of varying sizes. The reason for this is that a diamond-cutter with a good gem will sacrifice symmetry to weight, preferring to leave some slight irregularities in the planes and edges than to reduce the stone's value. The

material in a false stone being of little value, the cutter makes as finished a piece of work as he can of it, the appearance counting far more than the stone itself.

A genuine diamond rubbed upon wood or metal after having been previously subjected to the rays of the electric light becomes phosphorescent in the dark; this cannot be said of any of the imitations. If the stone to be tried is covered with borax paste and, after being well heated in the alcohol flame, dropped into a glass of water the proof will be instantaneous. The glass imitation will fly into pieces, while the genuine stone will not be affected. Finally, try to crush between two hard plates a real diamond and an imitation one and learn the difference. Put a diamond upon your tongue and it will be found icy cold.

Besides white diamonds there are some which exhibit shades of red, blue, green, yellow, brown, black, and pink. Heat sometimes causes a diamond to change its colour, and after the colour is thus acquired becomes permanent.

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Gentlemen's Belts and Corsets a Speciality
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From 21/- to 6 Guineas.

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8 and 10, Charing Cross Road,
Opposite National Gallery, Trafalgar-square.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

She came after he seemed to have waited through untold ages. She was almost the very last. He did not know how she looked or what she wore; he only knew that she was the one woman, as he had told Lady Betty.

So low that no one but she could have caught the sound, so tenderly that the very air about him seemed to quiver with the passion of it, he murmured, "Blue Eyes," as she passed.

For one second she stopped dead. If she had worn a train that behind her must have stepped on it. For that one second that seemed to the man to be made visible and to hang in space like a star, she seemed to sway towards him, as if some urgent force compelled her. She was so white that he thought she was going to faint.

Then she passed on with the others, and he realised that she had not raised her eyes.

The first thing he did, when the door had closed on the ladies, was to ask his host if he might dispatch a telegram, and he forthwith wrote out one to Lady Betty that was not calculated to make her easy in her mind.

He was no longer angry. He no longer cared for anything. Whatever happened, Blue Eyes was here, in the same house, under the same roof.

He felt reckless, he felt heart as light as a boy's. Whatever happened, if they came and snatched her away to-morrow, nothing could rob him of these moments, the moment that had been, the moments that were to come.

Never, he thought, had men lingered so senselessly in each other's company; never had they drunk so much port, or told such fatuous stories.

But at last a move was made, and Anthony Heron promised to play bridge at four different tables while they ascended the stairs to the drawing-rooms.

His eyes swept the lofty white and golden room into which he had first been shown. She was not there. Without the slightest hesitation he walked into the next, a smaller apartment, glowing with rose-colour, where the younger women were all congregated.

He saw her at once. She was sitting in a corner, turning over the pages of a book, while a small group surrounded the piano at the other end, where the youthful perceress, his late neighbour, was strumming out the latest popular coon song. She looked a little helpless and scared and lonely, and the shouting, giggling group at the piano turned and stared in amazement, as they saw the lion of the house-party, the most popular man in England, making straight for the new discovery of Mrs. Gramplan, the girl who was so shy and funny and old-fashioned, and knew so very little about the world.

Tony sat down on the big settee beside her, and the others had perforce to go on with their song, and were a moment later reinforced by the younger male members of the party.

"Blue Eyes," said Tony in a low, hoarse voice. "Blue Eyes, I have found you at last!"

He took her hand in apparent conventional greeting, but the touch sent fire running through the girl's veins, the same fire that ran in his.

She could not speak, although she tried to, but her eyes told him all that he wanted to know. But she was so white that she frightened him, and he did not want other people to see her, and, above all, he wanted to be alone with her, where he could pour out to her all that was in his heart.

The group at the piano had broken up into twos and threes. From both of the big rooms rose a chorus of laughter and careless, merry talk.

"Come, Blue Eyes," said Anthony Heron, "I want to talk to you."

She rose obediently. They passed through the communicating doors, and, on the other side of the large drawing-room, Heron saw a curtained doorway.

He walked across, the girl by his side. He pulled the curtains aside, as if he were perfectly familiar with the house, and they passed through into a long gallery, hung with family portraits on one side, and with several enormous windows on the other.

They walked to the end. It was very long, and the hum of voices sank to a murmur, and then died away.

The man stopped by the last of the curtained windows. He drew aside the heavy blue velvet hangings, and disclosed a wonderful view over the park, that lay shimmering in the moonlight, pale and spectral in contrast to the brilliant artificial light within.

In silence they stood for a moment, and looked out. Then the girl drew a long, long breath.

"How beautiful the world is!" she murmured. Her voice was like soft music, and it shook as if utterly beyond her control. "How beautiful—to-night."

The man turned. She stood erect; but she was trembling from head to foot. He forced her eyes to meet his, and her eyes and his said the same thing. They had found each other. The moment was worth the whole of life.

With a low, fierce cry, he gathered her in his arms and kissed her for the first time.

(To be continued.)

RACING AT BIRMINGHAM.

Moifaa To Run in the Royal Colours for the Grand National.

GREY FRIARS' SELECTIONS.

When the sudden death of Ambush II occurred last Saturday the Birmingham Grand National seemed deprived of its most attractive feature. Now all that peculiar interest is restored, since the King has bought Moifaa to run in the royal colours in the great steeplechase.

Moifaa is set in the present handicap a much more severe task than last year, when he won the "Liverpool," but the horse is in great fettle, as we saw in the race at Sandown Park last Friday. That was a convincing display, and established Moifaa first favourite for next month's race. The price reported to be paid to Mr. Spencer Gollan is £3,000 guineas, and the gelding has been passed as sound by the well-known veterinary surgeon, Mr. G. Barrow, of Newmarket. Further particulars of the King's purchase appear on page 4.

The Birmingham February Steeplechase, after postponement from Monday, were favoured with sunshine and all-round enjoyable conditions yesterday, and the general attendance was good. There was keen competition in the majority of races. A good field and a capital finish were seen for the Rugeley Selling Hurdle. The eventual winner, Arrow II, looked like being shut in over the final obstacle. Fortunately there is a long run in, and this enabled Mr. A. Gordon to dispose of the challenge of Mahatma, who overtook on 100 yds more than once. Arrow II possesses only one eye.

In the Snow Hill Steeplechase the issue rested between Attractor and Florino, the first-named winning by half a length. Attractor and Mahatma slipped their field at the top turn, and were well clear of the others. Mahatma came to grief three fences from home, and Florino could not make up the ground. Mason, the jockey on the fallen horse, escaped with a shaking.

Buckaway II, winner of the Stayers' Steeplechase, must be termed lucky, as he and Expert II, were out by themselves when the latter made a bad mistake on landing over the open ditch the second time round. Mr. Hastings, who was riding, did not fall, and although hanging round the rider's neck, he recovered himself in very clever fashion and got back into the saddle. He apparently thought the race was over, as, patting the horse's neck, he looked like having given up. However, on Mr. Hastings grasped the situation and went on in pursuit. A roar of laughter went up when Killerry at the water got rid of his rider, who carried over twenty yards before getting clear. Alcove came to grief also at the same obstacle. Buckaway II, who is engaged in the Grand National with 9st. 7lb., won by twenty lengths from Expert II.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

WARWICK.

- 2.10—Burdock Hurdle—JASON.
2.45—Avon Hurdle—BUTTERFLY.
3.15—County Hurdle—REVERA.
3.45—Warwick Steeplechase—WHAT NEXT.
4.15—Stewards' Steeplechase—COSSACK POST.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

COSSACK POST.

GREY FRIARS.

PLACED HORSES AND PRICES AT BIRMINGHAM.

2.0—RUGELEY SELLING HURDLE RACE. Two miles. 10 ran.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|-----------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—ARROW II, 4yrs, 10st 7lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—VOLATILE, aged, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—ODOR, 4yrs, 10st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

2.30—SNOW HILL HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE PLATE. Two miles. 10 ran.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—ATTRACTOR, aged, 11st 3lb | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 |
| 2—FLORINO, aged, 10st 13lb | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 | 3 to 1 |
| 3—MURRINGDON, 4yrs, 10st 9lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

3.0—STAYERS' HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE PLATE. About three miles and three furlongs, 8 ran.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th |
|-------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—BUCKAWAY II, aged, 10st 6lb | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 | 7 to 4 |
| 2—EXPERT II, aged, 11st 5lb | 6 to 5 | 6 to 5 | 6 to 5 | 6 to 5 | 6 to 5 | 6 to 5 | 6 to 5 | 6 to 5 |
| 3—QUILLA, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

3.30—YARDLEY HANDICAP HURDLE RACE. Two miles. 6 ran.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th |
|--|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—THREMHALL, aged, 11st 12lb | 9 to 4 | 9 to 4 | 9 to 4 | 9 to 4 | 9 to 4 | 9 to 4 |
| 2—GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY, 4yrs, 11st 7lb | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 | 4 to 1 |
| 3—QUILLA, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

4.0—SUTTON SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE. Two miles. 7 ran.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th |
|------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—ENOPION, aged, 11st 12lb | 2 to 1 | 2 to 1 | 2 to 1 | 2 to 1 | 2 to 1 | 2 to 1 | 2 to 1 |
| 2—ROSY GLEN, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—BEVIL, aged, 11st 12lb | 8 to 1 | 8 to 1 | 8 to 1 | 8 to 1 | 8 to 1 | 8 to 1 | 8 to 1 |

4.30—SALLEY STEEPLECHASE PLATE. Two miles. 3 ran.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th |
|-------------------------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| 1—PAARDEBERG, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 5 to 4 | 5 to 4 | 5 to 4 | 5 to 4 | 5 to 4 | 5 to 4 |
| 2—MARMALADE, 4yrs, 12st 3lb | 5 to 6 | 5 to 6 | 5 to 6 | 5 to 6 | 5 to 6 | 5 to 6 |

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

WARWICK.

- 1.45—WARWICK CUP EIGHTH POOL STEEPLECHASE. 2 miles and a half.
2.10—BURDOCK MAIDEN HURDLE RACE OF 70 SOVS. Two miles.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|------------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—MAT SALLAH, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—KING'S BIRTHDAY, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—JASON, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|--------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—JASON, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—JASON, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—JASON, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|--------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—JASON, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—JASON, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—JASON, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

2.45—AVON SELLING HURDLE HANDICAP OF 100 SOVS. Winner to be sold for 60 sovs. Two miles.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|-------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—Rougham, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—Buttermilk, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—Crosby, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

3.15—COUNTY HURDLE RACE HANDICAP OF 100 SOVS. Two miles.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|------------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—Fits and Starts, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—Alder, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—Booby, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

3.45—WARWICK HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE OF 100 SOVS. Three miles.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—May King, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—What Next, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—Hannum, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

4.15—STEWARDS' STEEPLECHASE OF 100 SOVS. Two miles.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|-----------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—Cossack Post, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—Most Excellent, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—Knockdrough, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

UPTON SELLING STEEPLECHASE OF 80 SOVS. Winner to be sold for 60 sovs. Two miles.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|-----------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—Cossack Post, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—Most Excellent, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—Knockdrough, 4yrs, 11st 12lb | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|---|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—(Run Tuesday, March 28, One mile) | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—1 agst. Banowyn, 4yrs, 7st 5lb (t and o) C. Waugh | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—Huckler's Pride, 4yrs, 8st 5lb (t and o) Fallon | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

GRAND NATIONAL.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|--|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—(Run Friday, March 31, About four miles and 886 yards) | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—1 agst. Moifaa, 4yrs, 11st 12lb (t and o) J. P. Gordon | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 3—Austic, 4yrs, 11st 12lb (t and o) J. P. Gordon | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

THE DERBY.

- | | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th |
|--|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1—(Run Wednesday, May 31, One mile and a half) | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |
| 2—1 agst. Grey Croix (t and o) Brewer | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 | 10 to 1 |

KING BUYS GRAND NATIONAL FAVOURITE.

Moifaa, the winner of last year's Grand National, and the favourite for this year's race. This famous Australian steeplechaser has been bought by the King.

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Warwick engagements—Mat Sallah and St. Enogat. Lincoln engagements—Lord Howe's name—Bismarck. All engagements in St. Paul's name—Bismarck. Patcham Steeplechase, Plumpton—Mark Over II. Grand Prix de Paris—Aberdeen.

LAST HOCKEY TRIAL.

It has been decided to play the final English hockey trial, North v. South, at Eton (Cheshire) next Saturday, instead of at Kersal, as originally announced. The following will represent the North:

L. Parker (Timperley), J. C. Peel (Bebington), R. M. Williams (Northern), backs; H. Kenna (Huyton), F. F. Blatherwick (Chester), and C. W. Wordsworth (Amblecliffe), half-backs; F. B. Peel (Bebington), A. I. Draper (Oxton), C. J. Fabel (Bebington), O. F. Tellow (Alderley Edge), and L. Ashcroft (Huyton), forwards.

The Southwell Hunt meeting, to be held on Monday and Tuesday next at Rolleston, promises to be a huge success under its new management. Nearly 100 entries have been received. The first race will be at 2.15, and the last at 4.55. The vice of admission to the ring, paddock, and covered stand is 7s. 6d.

At Walthamstow yesterday the St. Martin's Harriers, a club composed of employees at the G.P.O., decided a handicap over five and a half miles of country. The contest produced an exciting race between H. J. Read (Imin. start) and B. W. Hampton (Imin. Sec.), victory resting with the former by two yards in 39min. 59sec.

RUGBY UNION MUDDLERS.

Criticism of the Committee's Work—The Irish Blunder.

MEN FOR THE SCOTTISH MATCH.

As I expected, the exposure which I made last week of the way in which the England fifteen had to travel to and from Cork has created a profound sensation. I am much amused with the fact that my little ball of protest has been most vigorously kicked by those expert writers who are at Cork, and rarely see any Rugby outside their own parish.

One expert remarks that the account of the journey at first I gave is a fair tale, but is spelled on reading on to find that solid facts are being recorded. He is one of the stay-at-homes, and hardly ever seen at a Rugby match outside London. Solid facts indeed! I am obliged to the gentleman. My only regret over the matter has been that I had not a camera with me, so that the readers of this paper could have been provided with a picture of the miserable truck in which the English party travelled from Cork.

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